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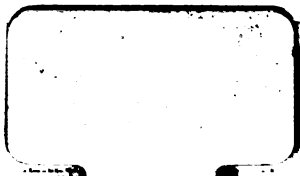
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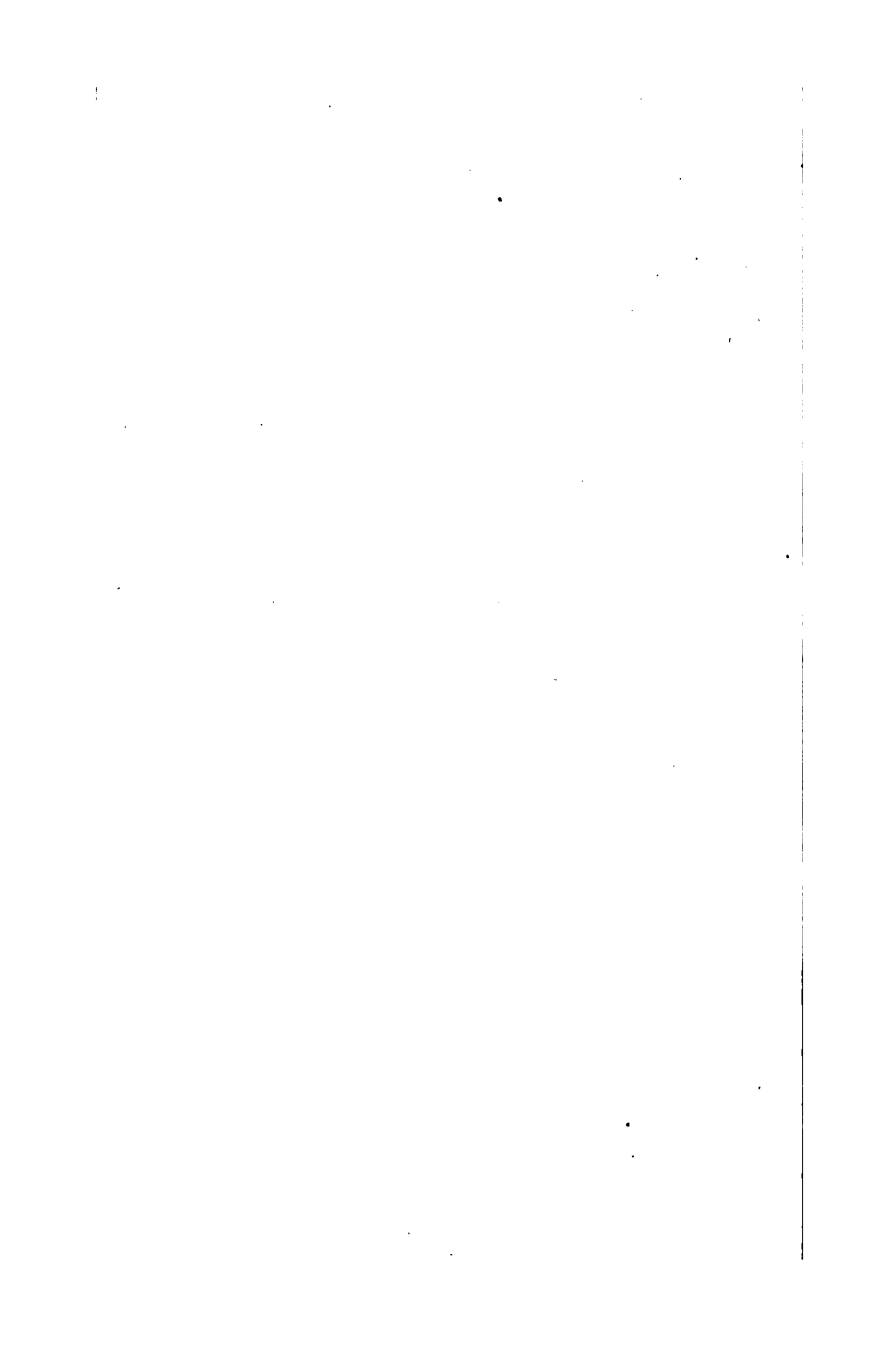
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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
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1918





OUR MISCELLANY,

(WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE COME OUT, BUT DIDN'T);

Containing Contributions by

W. HARASSING PAINSWORTH,
G. F. E. JACOBUS,
T. B. MACAWLEY,
JONAS HANWAY,
A— T—,
ALBERT SMIFF,

M. FUPPER,
CHARLES DIGGINS,
EDGARDO POOH,
SAMUEL WARRINK,
PROFESSOR STRONGFELLOW,

AND OTHER EMINENT AUTHORS.

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OUR MISCELLANY.

Introduction:

SHOWING HOW THESE STORIES CAME INTO MY
POSSESSION.

So they all agreed to come and dine with me. "Thursday, half-past five—sharp!" that was the invitation. I did not send any cards, partly because I had not got any, and partly because some of my friends had not any particular addresses, but had their letters left at clubs and news-rooms, whence they were often not reclaimed until the ink was faded and the paper yellow with age. All understood they were to come, and knowing there would be enough to eat, plenty of good fellowship, and no formality, determined to keep the engagement. The powers of Mrs. Flanagan were taxed to their utmost. Charley Ferrars, who shares my chambers in Raymond Buildings, wrote down to

his people in the country, and from them received as a contribution a turkey and sausages, a tongue and some apples; Frank Fairlegh contributed a hare and some birds from the paternal estate; while I had bought a stupendous leg of mutton, knowing the partiality evinced by Causton and Billy Bales for that joint, when properly boiled and trimmed. These were confided to Mrs. Flanagan, with strict injunctions as to care and cleanliness; and an immense amount of authority was requisite to compel that lady to refrain from the preparation of a dish called "toad-in-the-hole," at which she declared herself an adept. So much for edibles. In the way of drink we purchased a nine-gallon cask of Allsopp, and stowed it in the clerk's room; about a dozen of the old Port which Jack Cookson gave me when he left for India, to sub-edit the *Calcutta Chingachgook*, was remaining: there were two bottles of brandy, and a stone jar of Kinahan's own. Townley, of the Red Wafer Office, who thinks himself a swell, sent a bottle of Curaçoa, with his compliments; but Charley Ferrars, denouncing it as sweet-stuff, only fit to be taken after medicine, hid it away in a cupboard.

The day came, and the company, and the dinner. Mrs. Flanagan was punctual, and we were hungry. The covers were uncovered, not by a slipshod laundress, but by a man-servant, if you please! Tim Egan, who had served with one of our party, Jack Laffan, as his bātman, in the Spanish Legion, and who now holds horses in the neighbourhood of Tattersall's, had been pressed into our service. The turkey was a sight, and so was the manner in which Causton carved it.

“Tim, you thief, go fetch me a bit of the breast!” said Jack Laffan.

“’Tis here, yer honour,” says Tim, returning quickly; “av we’d had a bit of that on the 5th of May, 1836——”

“Silence, you villain!” roars Jack. “This turkey’s so good, Charley, I’ll drink your people’s good health!”

Agreed, *nem. con.* We drank Mr. Fairlegh senior’s health with the hare, and Allsopp’s health in his own beer, and success to Jack Cookson and the *Calcutta Chingachgook*; and the last morsel was scarcely in our mouths before we saw that Causton had slipped off, and was already

lighting a pipe. We all followed and did the same—all except Jack Laffan, who was entrusted with the manufacture of the whisky punch, which he accomplished in an enormous white basin, originally purchased by Charley Ferrars, for cleansing photographic apparatus, but never used. When he produced this we all filled, and drew round the fire. It was very jolly. My old *collaborateur*, Frank Fairlegh, was comfortably placed in the chimney-corner, with a kind word for everybody; near him were Causton, with his broad back and large black whiskers; Billy Bales, restless and worn-looking, fagged to death in the preparation of his forthcoming burlesque; Tom Doland fresh as a rose, and active as a young colt, in high spirits after a slight morning's work of five-and-forty rounds in the gloves with the Bolton Nobblér; Jack Laffan, with a face all bronzed and seamed, but good humoured and impudent, as only an Irish face can be. Others were there, good fellows enough, but needing no particular description, classing as the "servants, guests, retainers, masquers, &c.," in theatrical bills. Most of us were scribblers, outsiders in the literary world,

men who added to their incomes by newspaper and magazine writing, and the conversation at length turned upon the various periodicals which served as the vehicles for our lucubrations. The prospects were rather gloomy. "The time for magazines is gone by, and past!" said Billy Bales, the misanthrope; "and quite right it should be! They are effete, slow, useless lumber!——"

"Question!" roars out Jack Laffan, who was for some time a gallery reporter, and has picked up several parliamentary phrases—"question!"

"Well?" says Billy, sharply.

"Look at the 'shillings'—some of them have a good sale."

"Quite right," says Billy, "and they deserve it; they're generally well conducted, employ clever men (and he bows to two or three of us who are engaged on the *Train*), and are well worth the money. It's of the 'half-crowns' I was thinking!"

"Ah, there you're right, sure enough!" chimes in Causton; "they're not worth an—(*improper expression.*) Who would give half-a-crown for Cokeblaze's *Old Monthly*, Gently's *Melée*, Pains-

worth's——” But here a shout of derision stopped the speaker.

“ Well,” he returned, “ I’ll give in Painsworth, but as for any of the others, when *Household Words* can be bought for twopence, and *Chambers’ Journal* for three-halfpence. The half-crown mags are overstocked by young lady and young gentleman contributors, whose offerings are accepted by the editors, because they do not require to be paid for them. I suppose no man here is satisfied with that? We’ve seen ourselves in print often enough for the novelty to wear off! A laudatory review in the *Post* or the *Chronicle* don’t pay for our paletots, our washing, or our dinners and pipes. It’s a bad look-out, depend upon it !”

“ Why not start a new magazine ?” says Charley Ferrars; and the suggestion sent a thrill of acquiescence through the room. I will not weary my readers’ patience with our discussion of the project,—how we canvassed publishers and titles; how we arranged the various departments; how Fairleigh was to write a tale, Causton to contribute reminiscences of Oxford life, Bales to do the savage reviews, Jack Laffan the wild and improbable

stories, and I the facetious verse and the "about-town sketches;" how the public was to be tickled, the town hit, and the lasting success insured; but that all these were perfectly determined upon, I can safely say. There was an enormous consumption of whisky; five different titles were suggested for the new comer, and his health was drunk under each new name in brimming tumblers; finally, at about 3 a.m., we separated, my companions melted into a haze before my eyes, there was a scuffle of departing and drunken boots, a violent slamming of my outer oak, and I was alone. I rather think I went to sleep; I know I shut my eyes, nor did I open them until my attention was roused at hearing a gentle cough. I started upright in my chair, looked round, and opposite me, in the chair lately occupied by Charley Ferrars, whose cheerful nasal horn was now rousing the echoes of the adjoining bedroom, sat a tall melancholy-looking stranger, dressed from head to foot in black. I was staggered, but would not let him see it, so I bowed and enquired his pleasure.

"I am come," said he, in an O'Smithian voice, "on business. I am a spirit!——"

"That's rum!" said I.

"Thank you, no!" he replied, mistaking my meaning, and imagining I had motioned him to the bottle, which, however, happened to be whisky; "I never drink, and have now but little time to stay. You are about to set up a magazine, conducted by the gentlemen who have been here to-night?"

I bowed in acquiescence.

"It won't do!" he continued. "You are all young men, and not sufficiently known to the world to bear the weight of such an undertaking on your unassisted shoulders. You are, however, earnest and persevering, and it would be a pity that your design should fail. Here is a packet," producing a small parcel from under his cloak, "that may be of use to you. It contains contributions from all the celebrities of the day. Take it—'tis yours!"

He drew himself up, and looked so like Zamiel in mourning, that I should not have been an atom surprised at finding the skull circle, and the serpents, and the blinking owl of Der Freischütz all arranged in my chambers. I however recovered

myself, and ventured to mutter something about "the copyright."

"Copyright!" he exclaimed. "Fool—idiot—ha-ha! Be not afraid—they're all paid, or—*compounded for!*" He gathered his cloak round him, rose up, and vanished up the chimney.

I am bound to state that when I repeated this conversation the next morning, and described my visitor, I was met by incredulous shouts of laughter. "No go, old fellow," said Charley Ferrars; "don't believe in him! Old Mrs. Flanagan, the laundress, found you lying under the table fast asleep, with the whisky bottle firmly grasped by the neck, in your right hand! You were 'mops and brooms' to an extent when the other fellows went away; and I was rather too far gone to be of much assistance to you."

"Pray stop, Charley," I said. "I must deny the truth of your statement! Intoxication is a vice which——"

"Yes, all right;—we know!" he interrupted. "J. B. Gough, Exeter Hall Temperance Association, &c.—Cut it short!"

“But the parcel?” said I. “Here it is, and it *does* contain——”

“I know. I met a fellow in Dublin who once edited a mag. which failed, and he gave me these papers which had been sent to him, and didn’t suit.—‘Rejected communications cannot be returned.’ You know the stereotyped answer. He’s given up business now, and thought, by a little turning and twisting, something might be made of ’em; but we won’t have ’em in the new mag.—that’s positive!”

His opinion influenced my other friends, and they would not allow me to publish the stories in the magazine. I accordingly locked them away and forgot them, and it was only the other day, in clearing out an old closet, that I came upon the parcel, and read its contents. The thought then struck me that the world might like to see the earlier and cruder style of many of its favourite authors,—nay, that perhaps the authors themselves, who have no doubt forgotten the existence of these children of their fancy, might like to recognise their little bantlings, and compare them with more recent and healthy progeny.

Under this idea I sought out my friend, Mr. Robert Brough, and begged his assistance and co-operation, which he at once readily promised. Having, then, carefully gone through the MSS., we took them to Messrs. Routledge, and through their kind instrumentality, *Our Miscellany* is now given to the world.

EDMUND H. YATES.

43, DOUGHTY STREET,
August, 1856.

BLUE ACRE.

A Romance.

By W. HARASSING PAINSWORTH.

BOOK I.

THE CHURCHYARD.

“Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead.”

SHAKESPEARE.

In a London churchyard at midnight two persons were seated. The churchyard was roomy and of considerable extent. Through the niches of the vaults might be seen piles upon piles of coffins, some of which had burst open, through age and decay, and revealed mouldering skeletons and pieces of decayed shrouds. The flickering flame of a lantern, which rested on a tombstone, fell upon the figures before alluded to, and enabled the observer, had there been such, to gaze upon the lineaments of the mysterious twain. The elder of these was a man of deep marked features and sunken eyes,

with which, glimmering like marsh meteors in the light of the lantern, he instituted a searching glance into the countenance of his companion. The object of his scrutiny seemed lost in reverie, but from as much of him as could be perceived in the waning light of the lantern, he was a young man, short and thick set. Attired as a bricklayer's labourer of the mode of 1850, his flannel jacket and corduroy trousers of the roughest make would have determined his rank as sufficiently humble in the scale of society, had not his flashing eye, his exuberance of hair, which escaped from beneath his cap, and fell in natural clusters over his shoulders, marked him as one of nature's lords.

"There is not much merriment in you," said the elder man, after a long silence; "you were never born to be a true corpse hunter. Here," he added, putting his hand into his breast and drawing forth a curiously-shaped flask, "here's a drop of right Nantz drink, 'twill revive you."

"I need not drink to be a man!" exclaimed the other, pushing aside the proffered bottle. "But repeat to me in full the story you have just hinted at, and I warrant you the blood will flow freely

enough through my veins. When, say you, did Lord Robinson die?"

"Last night, at the eleventh hour! The warning came the day before yesterday."

"What warning?"

"Neither more nor less than that given to all of the family. You look astonished? Have you never heard of the Two Black Cats? Never does one of the House of Robinson pass away without their appearance, which is a true sign of death. But you shall hear the legend." And in an eldritch screech, which harmonized well with his subject, the old man chanted the following ballad:—

The Two Black Cats.

"Fill high the bowl, the jokes resound, loud mirth press
through the air,
And brilliantly the torches flash o'er knights and ladies
fair,
The jester rises in his seat, and every yeoman tall,
Shouts, 'Health to Lord de Robinson, the bravest of us
all!'

With doublet opened for his ease, fine form and noble
face,
Each feature showing noble blood, each action fraught
with grace,

Sits Robinson ; upon his cheek there is no sign of care :
 Why comes that pallor o'er his brow—that fixed and fearful stare ?

The mirth is at its loudest, when, through the opened door,
 Two huge Tom Cats of sablest hue, come gliding o'er the floor,
 With arching spine and fiery eyes, fixed ears and bushy tail,
 Each stands by Lord de Robinson, and thus begins to wail :—

“ ‘ Ho ! man of pride and arrogance, thy earthly course is run ;
 Thy lust of power, thy cruelty, all ended are and done ;
 Within this night, within an hour, cold Death shall claim his prize,
 Shall stiffen that now threatening hand, shall dull those fiery eyes.’

“ ‘ Now, by my mother’s sacred head, my father’s blessed beard,’
 Screamed Robinson, ‘ by man or beast ne’er yet have I been jeered,
 ‘ Die, lying brutes, infernal imps,’ he shrieked in accents hoarse,
 Then fell exhausted on the floor, a swollen, livid corse !

“ And ever since that hour, whene’er the icy hand of Death
 Is laid on a De Robinson, to rob him of his breath,

With noiseless step, and scarce-heard purr, amid the
deepening gloom,
Those two demoniac Black Cats are seen within the room!"

: "And did these cats appear last night?" asked the
young man, who was called Gaveston Montmorency.

"They did," answered the elder. "I was re-
turning home last night past Robinson's house,
when I heard a fearful screech, as of children in
agony: I turned and beheld two large black cats,
their tails erect, their eyes flashing, and fire stream-
ing from their nostrils, rush across the road.—
Listen, Gaveston! Of all the Robinsons lying in
the first-class bricked and stuccoed family vault
beneath us, not one male branch of the house but
has been suspected——"

"Of what?"

"Of murder, robbery, treason, arson, burglary,
forgery, infanticide, rape, coining, piracy, sheep-
stealing," said the elder, in a hissing whisper.

"Yes!" said Gaveston.

"Yes, but come now to the vault!"

They descended into the catacombs, and the old
man, opening the door with a rusty key which
hung at his girdle, led the way into a vault.

Gaveston, in following him, stumbled, and falling against a pile of coffins, knocked them down, and the floor was strewn with their ghastly occupants, clad in the hideous apparel of the tomb. The old man turned, and pointing to one at Gaveston's feet, said, "Touch not that,—'tis your mother!"

"Great heavens!" shouted Gaveston.

"Ay, and look what sparkles on her hand!—*a wedding ring!* Then she *was* Lord Robinson's wife! justice shall yet be done. Run off as quickly as possible to the 'Sun and Stomach Pump,' seek for Blueacre, ask his advice, and be guided by it! And, look you——"

He turned round to address his companion, but Gaveston had already vanished.

BOOK II.

THE BOOZING KEN.

"Fibbing culls, Common-garden hoskins,
Prigs, milling coves, and country joskins."

Lays of the Hue and Cry.

DARTING away from the side of his ominous companions, Gaveston Montmorency quitted the church-

yard, and plunging into the ever-flowing tide of London life, crossed Whitechapel, anciently called "L'Eglise Blanche," and proceeding through various lanes, streets, and rookeries, only known to the initiated in those quarters, stopped at length before an old house, the frowning porch of which overhung the street, and seemed to threaten destruction to the passers-by. At the door of this ancient mansion Gaveston knocked three times,—not the "rat-tat" of the postman, the "rat-tat-tat" of the "swell cove" (or gentleman), nor the humble "rat" of the dun; but a peculiar, and evidently significant knock. Immediately the door was swung open, Montmorency was seized, gagged, and blindfolded, and led away between two men, whose heavy hands rested on his shoulder.

"A word, and this blade penetrates your entrails," said the man on the right.

"A sound, and two leaden pills are driven through your knowledge-box," said the man on the left.

Obedying these hints, and relying perfectly on that insensibility to fear which had never deserted him in time of need, Gaveston proceeded. He felt himself conveyed as through some subterranean

passage; presently he heard a heavy noise, as of a swing door; and the next instant his eyes were unbound, and he gazed with a scrutinizing glare round the apartment.

The scene that greeted him was an extraordinary one. It was a large hall, down the centre of which was a long table, covered with a profusion of viands and liquids, pipes, tobacco, and snuff-boxes. Round this table were seated the choice spirits of London—the highwaymen, the mufflers, the area sneaks, the priggish princes, the gonophs, the magsmen, and the fences of the day. Scarce one could you point out who was not the hero of some glorious action.

Towards the top of the table sat Mat Mulligan, *alias* Mat the Scrimper, a swarthy, dark-complexioned man, who had shown his brave contempt of the ignominious laws of his country by dispatching a troublesome wife, and thereby escaping the weighty costs of a divorce. Next to him sat Smiling Sammy, a “queer cuffin,” who had taken more vipes, fogles, tickers, sneezing-traps, and readers, than any man of his day. Here, too, was Mephibosheth Moss, of the fragrant valley of the

Hound, whose melting-pot was ever on the fire; and Ezra Jacobs, who was a better swearer of an *alibi* than any man in Europe.

They are gone, these brave men—these noble fellows!—these persevering, industrious, warm-hearted workmen! Cursed policemen, villanous detectives, have put down and extinguished this noble race. It is to us a matter of wonder and regret that, while the newspapers are daily teeming with advertisements of every species of want—while young men from our Universities are to be found employed in Australia in the most menial capacities—while the army and navy are so overstocked and so badly paid—while so many poor curates are starving,—it is to us a matter of wonder, when bludgeons are so cheap, garrotting ropes so easily procured, and dark lanterns, jemmies, centrebits, and files, so much improved in manufacture, that no band of gallant desperadoes has been got together, who could infest the suburbs of London, and gain for themselves a glorious immortality.

We have been led away from our subject. To return to it. The principal character in this won-

drous scene has not yet been limned—and what pencil could do justice to his noble exterior? At the top of the table—“in the chair,” in fact—sat that prince of rapparees, murderers, and good fellows, Thomas Blueacre. Of a stature not remarkable for its height (in fact what would in another man have been called stumpy—but how could such a term apply to Blueacre?), with hair of light brown, locks which, though not luxuriant, yet were admirably adapted to show off the bullet shape of his head (they had been thus cropped by the hairdresser of Newgate), with a short whisker reaching half down his cheek, a Belcher handkerchief round his neck, an elaborate and elegantly-cut suit of fustian, and with feet encased in boots named after the immortal Blucher, he stood—the model of a gentleman and a cracksman.

Tom Blueacre, at the period of which we treat, had nearly reached the zenith of his reputation. His deeds were in every policeman's mouth, his fist had been on many of their noses, and a reward of fifty pounds for his apprehension was stuck on every station-house wall in London. Blueacre was the *ultimus Romanorum*, the last of a race, which (we

were almost about to say we regret) is now altogether extinct. Several successors he had, it is true, but no name worthy to be regarded after his own. Daniel Good, Hooker, Barthelemy, all of these asserted their claims, but all fell far short of the great original. Oh, the good old days—woe for them! Where are now your men of might and fancy? Gone, all gone! Where is D'Olyndais, where the high tobyman lounged elbow to elbow with the peer of the realm, and dipped his exquisite digits into the diamond-covered snuff-box of the beau? Where are the matchless steeds which conveyed their gallant owners from one lonely heath to another still more lonely, and never turned a hair of their sleek and shining coats? Where are the yellow post-chaises, the heavy York coaches, the grey roadsters ridden by meek city merchants, with thousands in their saddle-bags? Gone, all gone! But we are digressing. . . Enamoured of his vocation, Blueacre delighted to hear himself designated as the Stunning Cracksmán, and it was with rapturous triumph that he found his nightly feats the theme of the daily newspapers; and when seated at the head of the table in the Boozing Ken,

he listened to the uproarious mirth of his comrades, chanting the praises of his various burglaries, he felt himself indeed a man!

When Gaveston Montmorency found himself in the presence of this great creature, he hesitated for a moment, overcome by the sense of his exalted situation; but quickly recovering himself, he drew himself up to his full height, and looked proudly round on the assemblage.

Gaveston's external man, we have before said, was prepossessing, and the effect it produced on those around him was electrical. At once he saw his advantage. Your true tobyman has ever a passion for effect. Gaveston was an example of this. He saw at once the feeling he had produced; and thrusting his tongue in his cheek, he winked his eye, gave a leap in the air, and, shouting "Pop goes the weasel!" came down upon the platform in the attitude of Jim Crow, amid a rapturous peal of applause.

"He's a rank scamp!" said one—a gentleman sitting near to the chairman.

"A wicked dummy hunter!" said a second.

"A fly mizzler!" said a third. ;

“What is the queer cull’s business here?” asked the rich-toned voice of Blueacre; and all sunk into silence.

“I bear a private message to the downiest of downy birds, the rummest of rum padders, the leariest of leary coves. Listen! all you high pads and low pads, rum gills and queer gills, patricos, palliards, priggers, whipjacks, and jackmen, from the arch rogue to the needy mizzler. Listen! I bear a message to King Cly-faker, to Prince Crib-cracker—in a word, to Blueacre!”

A shout rent the roof as an acknowledgment of this speech.

“Come up here, then, and I’ll patter with you at once,” said the silvery tones of Blueacre. “Bing avast, there, my merry men; bing avast there, and leave us together.” The crowd rose from their seats in obedience to this mandate, and left Gaveston standing by the great man.

“And now,” said the latter, “now that all’s plummy and slam, let’s have your jaw. Whence come you?”

“From old Jabez, the sexton of St. Sepulchre’s,” answered Gaveston.

“Ah! a queer old cuffin—I know him well. And what’s old Jabez up to now?”

“He sends to inform you of a discovery he has made.”

“Ah! a crib to crack, a wizen to slit,—what is it?”

“Not that—not that. He has discovered that Sally Smith——”

“Ah, that name!” shrieked Blueacre, in an unearthly voice; “the girl I so long kept company with! Well—speak—patter—give your tongue a gallop!”

“That Sally Smith was *married* to Lord Robinson!”

“Hell and furies!” mildly remarked Blueacre; “married to that old bloke! And who are you who’ve been told this?”

“I am *her* son, and in consequence——”

“In consequence, *my* kid! Come to my bosom.—No, wait! There’s a boozing bout to-night, after which we’ll start for Robinson House, and be avenged!” Then, raising his voice, he continued, “Come, my crushing coves,—to the booze, to the booze!”

* * * * *

JOHNSON.

A Lay of Modern London.

By THOMAS BLABBINGTON MACAWLEY.

I.

STOUT Johnson, of Saint Thomas,
By George and Jingo swore
That the street door of Watkins
Should hold its own no more.
By George and Jingo swore he,
And named a trysting day,
For all his trusty friends on town
To meet to tear the knocker down,
And bear the bell away.

II.

From East-end and from West-end,
His missives prompt entreat,
Assistance (at his rooms resolv'd
On making both ends meet),
Shame on the craven spirit
Who sends a poor excuse,
And smokes his pipe at home or strolls
Ignobly on the loose!

III.

The staunch allies in clusters
 Are dropping in space,
 From many a lofty "chambers,"
 From many a lowly "place,"
 From "cribs," and "dens," and "quarters,"
 And vague mysterious "rooms,"
 Whose whereabouts to specify,
 No daring mind presumes.

IV.

From Guy's across the water,
 From Strand adjacent Kings',
 From Charing, (which a shadow o'er
 The mourn'd Casino flings!)
 From Bartlemy's in Smithfield,
 Of accidents bereft!
 And Middlesex, whose course we trace
 From Oxford-street up Rathbone-place,
 By turning to the left.

V.

From wall-encircled Temple,
 Shut out from London's noise,
 Where apron'd porters guard the way,
 And keep in awe the boys;

From Gray's and dingy Clement's,
 (Where rents so mod'rate run!)
 And Lincoln's Inn, where stands, alas!
 Th' Insolvent Court,—besides a mass
 Of others of a noisome class
 (Requiring far more nerve to pass),
 Where *no* whitewashing's done.

VI.

Rich are the chops whose gravy
 Exudes o'er Rhodes's* bars;
 And sweet, at Evans's, the notes
 That issue from the singers' throats
 In spite of the cigars.
 Beyond all bands the waltzer
 Loves Laurent's (when in tune);
 Best of all grounds the bowler loves
 The American Saloon.

* This and subsequent allusions to the Valentino, the *Poses Plastiques*, Brixton Treadmill, and other familiar objects of our youth, since swept away by the broom of Time, would fix the authorship of this ballad at a date anterior to the present generation. For instance, in stanza xiv. the students are described as singing now obsolete melodies of Ethiopian origin. In the present day the chosen chorus under similar circumstances would have been the "Ratcatcher's Daughter," or possibly, "Villikins." The allusion to Cowell in stanza viii., reads like an interpolation.

VII.

But now no chop or kidney
 Emits its soft perfume;
 No voice is heard suggesting that
 "The waiter's in the room."
 In vain the sylphs at Laurent's
 Their palms in kid have dressed;
 The bowls may wait, and Rhodes's grate
 Enjoy a few bars rest.

VIII.

The comic songs of Cowell,
 To-night old men shall hear,—
 To-night young boys and greenhorns
 Shall have the Argyle clear;
 And parsons from the country,
 To-night sole audience be,
 To hear Sam Hall or Baldwin's call,
 "Attention for a glee!"

IX.

A score of chosen spirits
 In Johnson's rooms are met,
 And Johnson sees his birdseye
 Diminish with regret;

And from the round stone bottles
Too fast the liquids flow;—
He sees (and feels) his spirits sink,
And inwardly begins to think—
'Tis time for them to go.

X.

“ Ho! friends and fellow-students,
’Tis fit we should prepare
For action (Fibbetson, you brute,
Don’t interrupt the Chair!)
The enterprise before us
Must fraught with danger be;
Will you go in through thick and thin
To win the spoil with me?

XI.

“ For Watkins the plebeian,
Whose door we go to spoil
(By past unskilled attempts enraged)
A private watchman has engaged,
Our cherished schemes to foil.
Therefore let no man join us

Who fears to break the peace
 And go the undivided hog,
 E'en to (should they our footsteps dog)
 Assaulting the police."

XII.

Then up spake Robert Simpson,
 Of Middlesex was he :
 "Lo! I'll go in through thick and thin,
 To win the spoil with thee!"
 And up spake Brown of Charing
 (Pluck'd but last week was he):
 "No man am I for saying die—
 Lul-liet-iet-y!

XIII.

"That accidents will happen,
 It stands a fact confest,
 In families which, by their heads,
 Are regulated best;
 And if to-night's adventures
 Result in fines and quods,
 So long as you are happy,
 Inform me where's the odds."

XIV. •

And now the dauntless phalanx
 Stand 'neath the gas-light's glare,
 And many a pipe and ancient hat
 Hurl'd at a scared and flying cat,
 Goes whizzing through the air.
 With Ethiopia's music
 They rend the welkin now,
 Telling of Blane and Tucker's fate,
 Till stern policeman "Twenty-eight"
 Steps forward to expostulate
 'Gainst such a jolly row.

XV.

The restless Strand behind them
 They leave, and quickly gain
 The corner where Saint Martin's Church
 Frowns grandly up his lane.
 Through danger-fraught Cranbournia
 Unscath'd they make their way
 (Protected by the evening's shade,
 For syrens in the bonnet trade
 That spell-bound district long have made
 Unsafe to pass by day).

XVI.

Up through the Court of Ryder !
 Nor idly pause to sigh
 O'er the crush'd Valentino's fate,
 Nor Wharton's bills investigate
 Above the lamps hard by.
 On ! through the Cretan mazes
 Of Newport Market go.
 They're past, and now the warlike train
 A yell of joy can scarce restrain
 As bursts in sight the proud domain
 Of Watkins of Soho !

XVII.

“ Back, Simpson ! back, Carruthers !
 Back, Blatherwick !—be cool ;
Be quiet, Brown ; keep Davis down ;
 And Jones !—don't be a fool.
 Wait till the private watchman
 Shall round the corner wind ;
 He will directly, to inspect
 The premises behind.

XVIII.

“ There, now, you see,—I told you :
 He's hidden by the wall.

Haste, Jones!—engage him in a chat,—
 Insult his capes, or chaff his hat,
 Or treat him to some coffee at
 The early breakfast stall:
 Anything to engage him
 For minutes two or three,
 By which time he, I dare be bound,
 Shall see what he shall see.”

XIX.

Like telegraphic message
 Jones on his errand flies;
 And Blatherwick and Simpson
 Go with him as allies.
 (And, of those last-named heroes
 'Tis whisper'd since on town,
 They thought the watchman-chaffing game
 A less precarious road to fame
 Than pulling knockers down).

XX.

But Johnson of St. Thomas,
 No craven droopings knew;
 Up to the frowning knocker,
 With tiger spring he flew;

And mirthful e'en in danger,
Said, with a joyous grin,
"Walk up!—the exhibition's just
A-going to begin!"

XXI.

Then thrust he through the knocker
His stick of British oak;
But Brown of Charing, from the throng,
Quoting a Social Progress song,
Thus, with a purpose, spoke:
"Just wait a little longer,
There's work for me as well;
You from its clamps the knocker tear—
I from the door, your fame to share,
Will please to wring the bell."

XXII.

But of that gang the stoutest
Felt their hearts sink to see
In progress what, in planning,
Had merely seem'd a "spree;"
And from the dread adventure,
So rashly underta'en,

All shrank, like boys who, ere they strip,
Intend to plunge o'er head and hip
In Father Thames, but when they dip
In his cold flood a toe-nail's tip,
Scared—dress themselves again.

XXIII.

But meanwhile Jones and Simpson,
And Blatherwick have tried,
In vain, to keep the watchman
Round on the other side.
“Run, Davis! run, Carruthers!”
Loud cried the students all;
“Slope! and to him who hindmost lags,
The usual fate befall!”

XXIV.

Back darted Brown of Charing,
Letting the bell-pull go,
With startling clang, and all the gang
Retreated from the foe;
But when they saw brave Johnson
Still tugging at the door,
Under the very watchman's nose,
They would have turn'd once more.

XXV.

But, with a crash like thunder
 (Such thunder as one hears
 At minor theatres, when the ghost
 Or maniac appears),
 Round on its well-used pivot
 The watchman's rattle sprung;
 The band set up a frighten'd cry,
 And (Jones in front) began to fly,
 E'en Brown, averse to saying die,
 Scorn'd not to cut and run.

XXVI.

Yet, like himself in practice
 ("Teeth drawn for half-a-crown,"
 Stands graven on his bus'ness card),
 The furious Johnson struggled hard
 To wrench the knocker down.
 And with Herculean prowess,
 At length perform'd the feat;
 And oaken splint, and nut and screw,
 With bits of paint and dried-up glue,
 Flew scatter'd o'er the street,

XXVII.

With one huge stride he bounded
Adown the steps in glee,
Waving his hard-earned prize on high,
But stopp'd—he was compell'd to—by
Policeman “Twenty-three.”
“Off with him!” cried the watchman,
With a smile on his pale face ;
“Now, blow me!” “Twenty-three” exclaimed ;
“This here’s a Brixton case.”

XXVIII.

Round turn'd he somewhat stagger'd,
These myrmidons to see,
But he took the watchman's measure,
And the weight of “Twenty-three.”
And, ere “Robinson” you'd summon
He had laid the former low,
By tripping up his heels, and dealt
To “Twenty-three” (above the belt)
A firm left-handed blow.

XXIX.

Bereft of speech and breathing,
Awhile was “Twenty-three,”

(For, thanks to kitchen maidens fair,
Who bought his love with viands rare,
Of habit full was he);
And Johnson, by his valour
Freed from judicial grab,
In safety gain'd the neighb'ring stand,
And with the knocker in his hand,
Plung'd headlong in a cab!

XXX.

Never, I ween, did driver
With such a style of horse,
Urge o'er the stones at such a rate,
To save a patron from the hate
And fury of the Force.
But his sympathies went greatly
With the large heart within,
Who half-a-crown beyond his fare
Had promis'd—and some gin.

XXXI.

And now they near his chambers,
Where, waiting his return,
Stand his false-hearted comrades
Joy'd his escape to learn;

Whom, for their craven conduct,
As from the cab he leaps,
The high-soul'd Johnson scruples not
To stigmatize as "sweeps."

XXXII.

And now they press around him,
And now they soap him down;
And with emollient sawder
His just reproaches drown;
Now on the back they slap him,
Thumbs in his ribs they stick,
And now they dub him "Trojan,"
And now proclaim him "Brick."

XXXIII.

They gave him songs and speeches,
They drank his health with glee,
And (heedless of the lodgers)
It was done with three times three.
And they took the rifled knocker,
And hung it up on high,
And there it stands in Johnson's rooms,
To witness if I lie.

XXXIV.

And in the nights of winter,
When things are rather slow,
And men (the gardens being shut)
Uncertain where to go ;
To Johnson's humble chambers,
In little knots drop in,
To smoke his soothing birdseye,
And quaff his cheering gin !

XXXV.

When the bottled stout is opened,
And the meerschaum pipe is lit,
And the guests on trunks and tables
(Chairs at a premium) sit,
When flags the conversation,
Revert they to the "go,"
How Johnson tore the knocker down
Of Watkins of Soho.

THE PAGE.

A Romant from English History.

By GUSTAVUS PENNY ROYAL JACOBUS.

CHAPTER I.

A SULTRY summer's day was slowly drawing to its close, when two travellers might have been perceived wending their way along one of those fertile plains which are to be found in "the Garden of England," as with truth it may be called,—the county of Kent.

The elder of the twain was a man of middle age, whose grizzled hair, chafed and worn by the pressure of the helmet, and whose gaunt cheeks, bronzed by the burning suns of Palestine, spoke of the returning warrior of the Crusades. The steed he bestrode was a jet-black charger, heavily encumbered with the horse-armour of the period, but who, despite his trappings, from time to time raised his head aloft, champed his bit, and distended his glowing nostrils, as though glad once

more to snuff up the air of freedom, which is alone to be found in merry England. His joyous feelings, however, did not appear to be shared by his rider, who continued his journey with bent head and abstracted air, preserving a moody silence, and paying no attention to the conduct of his fellow-traveller. This personage, over whose fair head scarce eighteen summers had yet passed, was a bright-skinned stripling, attired in the garb of a page; his complexion was of that dazzling red and white which is never encountered but among our Saxon race; his eye was of the deepest blue, set off by long-fringed lashes that swept his damask cheek; his lips were ruddy and rather full; and the hand with which he checked the caprioles and boundings of his high-bred Jennet was of the smallest size and most delicate hue. Occasionally his glance rested on his companion, and instantly his eye would fill with tears; but hastily brushing them away and muttering, "A truce to such weakness," he would plant himself more firmly in the saddle, and essay, by feats of equitation, to hide his overcharged feelings.

They had not proceeded far on the Common,

when the charger of the elder traveller got his foot entangled in one of the numerous holes which in England are everywhere dug and left open by order of the Commissioners of Sewers, and nearly threw his rider to the ground.

“Nay, then—a murrain on thee, for a stumbling steed. Bethinkst thou not whose neck were in danger an thy treacherous feet forsook thee? Marry! an thou placest not to the fore the best leg which thou canst boast of, we shall scarce reach the hostelry by eventide!”

“Oh, my lord,” exclaimed his companion, “I trust not that. Men say that after curfew the clerks of St. Nicholas do ride abroad!”

“’Gad so! thou smooth-faced boy, what then?” replied the knight (for such we may imagine he was); “an they beset us they will take little for their toil, save shrewd knocks. Hast thou not heard, too, that from these villain outlaws nought is now to be apprehended? Good Daniel the Forrester and stout Sir Buckette Field have, I trow, made good head against the robbers.”

“Nay, but—under your favour, fair sir?—”

“But me no buts, else will I make a butt of

thee, and send an arrow quivering to thy heart!" exclaimed the knight; then, seeing his companion turn deathly pale, he added, in a softer tone, "Nay, Walter, I did but jest! I prithee think no more on't. Good lad, good lad! Come, rouse thee, boy. I near my own ancestral home, and gladly will I show thee to my dame—my Alice! Oh, Alice! yet yearns my bosom's lord for thy companionship, although no gentle mis-sive didst thou send me, when in the East all fever-struck I lay! Had it not been for that sweet Nightingale, and for thy watchful care, my Walter, my poor bones had bleached 'neath an eastern sun!"

"Marry! gadzooks! i'fachins! good my lord, let not thy Walter see thy tears. Thou'lt find thy dame at home, and the bright eye of beauty will at thy coming be bedewed. Forward, my lord! I follow thee."

Encouraged at these words, the elder traveller struck the long rowels of his gilt spurs into the reeking flanks of his gallant but almost exhausted steed. Bounding forward, the noble animal broke into a long luxurious gallop, and sped so merrily

that the page found it no slight matter to keep his Jennet by his master's side.

The sky overhead was just beginning to be tinged with the rays of the declining sun when the knight, who was riding in advance, turned his steed from the main track across the plain, and made for a large *château* which stood on the right hand. At this moment the evening breeze bore to the ears of the travellers the faint sound of a distant horn, winded according to the tra-lira-la gamut, then in vogue amongst the masters of the joyous art of woodcraft or venery, and after a few minutes' riding they came upon a man attired in a tunic of Lincoln green, with a baldrick slung at his waist, a quiver containing many a good clothyard shaft on his back, and in his hand a bow of tough old English yew. Scarcely had this personage cast eyes upon the knight, than he burst forth with—

“By the holy St. Beowulph! an mine old eyes deceive me not (and they were ever good at tracking game), I do behold mine honoured lord! Right welcome back,—returned again with honour, too, although thy name was mentioned not in Count Ragsliland's despatch. A scurvy knave! a

pestilence on him for his neglect, say I. But didst get the birdseye?"

"Thou speakest riddles, good Hubert," said the knight; "what birdseye mean'st thou?"

"Nay, an thou got'st it not, will I to London straight. List, then! hearing of the misfortunes of our brave men, I, with these aged hands, did pack four pounds of right good Bristol birds-eye, and with a gross of fresh-baked cutty pipes, did send them to thee. The agent's name was—ay, marry, was it—Wardroper. I'll to London straight, and slit his knavish ears!"

"Nay, prithee tarry!" exclaimed the knight, "Tell me, how fares it with thy lady?"

As his master pronounced these words, a deadly change came over the hitherto joyous countenance of the stalwart forester. He remained for some moments gazing pensively on the ground, and two large round tears, quitting the secret recesses of his eyes, darted swiftly down his bronzed and manly nose, chased each other over the broad expanse of chest covered by his Lincoln green jerkin, and finally took refuge in his russet boots. The knight marked his agitation. "Speak, for the love of

Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Hubert, thy mistress! by the rood, an thou answer'st not,—eh, what! no! yes! it cannot—it can—it may, might, should, would, or could——"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the page, "his senses leave him!"

"No, Hubert, I prithee speak; I can bear all!"

"Oh, my good lord," returned the forester, "I thought thou knewst the dark history, or my old lips had been the last to tell thee. Two days after thou hadst started for Palestine——"

"Well, well,—speed thee!" interrupted the knight, dashing the huge drops of sweat from his grizzled forehead, and vainly searching in the interior of his helmet for his bandana.

"Two days, then, after thou startedst for Palestine, the Lady Alice was nowhere to be found. Every spot of ground was searched, every nook and cranny in the *château*, the terrace, the gay pleasance, ay, gramercy! the very wood itself, but all in vain——"

"By my halidame!" angrily interrupted the knight; "dost mean to say that thy lady is not here?"

“Alas, my lord, 'tis so !”

“Craven and serf, go to ! Look to't, Hubert, thou wert the most trusted of all my vassals ; to-morrow, ere the sun gilds yonder copse, thou hang'st, and may Heaven rest thy soul !” Frowning moodily, he crossed his arms over his mail-clad breast, and dismounting from his steed, strode towards the *château*, followed at a respectful distance by the page.

CHAPTER II.

THE sun had gone down to rest in his briny bath, but the day was still warm and bright. It passes my honest comprehension to understand the change that has taken place in the weather of this our country. Summer is summer now no longer. True, we have the harebells, the modest shrinking daisies, the yellow buttercups,—still the change is visible. Perhaps one cause of this change may be that which has brought about many another evil in the land, namely, the giving up those helms and

hauberks, those tough old yew bows, those gorgeously slashed trunk hose and pourpoints, which were the glory of our ancestors, but are now, alas! fallen into disuse.

It was in the great hall at Rosherville,—that splendid hall, which still remains, attesting, like many other monuments, the magnificent ideas of an age which we perhaps justly term barbarous, but which displayed, amongst many rude and uncivilized things, a grasp of execution which we seldom can attain even in these days of Mr. Cole, C.B., and the School of Design.—In the great hall at Rosherville, about an hour after sunset, was laid out a banquet, which, in profuse luxury and splendour, might have equalled the strongest efforts of Messrs. Bathe and Breach. The table not only groaned, but actually cursed and swore under the weight of quaint and curious plate. Many of the cups and dishes were so ornamented with jewels, that it was rather a nuisance than otherwise; and oft did a gallant knight find a large ruby or carbuncle sticking in his stewed steak!

Although the guests themselves, the actual

family of the host, only amounted to seven hundred, and the broad table at which they sat looked small in the centre of the hall, yet the number of attendants, carvers, cupbearers, butlers, and sewers,* was not less than two thousand, without including the harpers, the trumpeters, the minstrels, the sauvage-men, the morris dancers, the jongleurs, the mummers, and the spectators, who were admitted within certain limits. Every imaginable dainty was on the table, wines of the choicest vintages of France and Spain, metheglin, hippocras, iced punshe sent from the Joyeuse Société of y° Garricke, and a curious pleasant liquid in long-necked flasks, labelled "L.L." procured at vast expense from stout Patrick Kinahan, king of Munster.

At the head of the table sat the Baron de Authorme, whose acquaintance was made by our readers in the last chapter. His brow was moody, and the beaker before him stood unheeded. His worthy jester, Tommathews, vainly endeavoured to

* N.B.—Not Mr. Chadwick or Dr. Southwood Smith,—but attendants so called.

rouse him from his melancholy. Many and various were the means he adopted for this end. Occasionally he would put his mouth to his master's ear and shout, "I saw you do it!" or, "There's a policeman!" Once did he hie him to where some brands were burning, and under pretence of shaking hands with one of the retainers, did place the lighted stick on his extended palm. But seeing all his efforts fruitless, he clapped the stern warrior on the back, and after saying, "Come, Nunks, wake up!" burst into the following chant—

"This mornynge verrie handie,]
 My malladie was ysoche—
 I in my tee toke brandie,
 Butte toke a coppe too muche."

"A pestilence on thee for a mad rogue!" interrupted the Baron. "Stop this. Gadzooks! an thou put'st not a stopper to thy prate thyself, I'll slit thy wizen as I would a foul gerfalcon's!"

"What ails thee, good coz?" asked Tom-mathews.

"Fool thou art in name and nature too!" returned the Baron. "Why ask'st thou? When I left this house, I left——"

“Ay, marry! gossip,” said the jester, in the witty fashion of the period, “left is not right; and that which is left cannot be said to be taken; and the left side of a plum-pudding is that which is not eaten!”

“Go to, go to!” exclaimed the Baron, smiling in spite of himself at this brilliant sally. “Leavé me now; my mind is not attuned to mirth.”

“Nay, rouse thee, Nunks! here’s that to raise thy spirits;”—and Tommathews beckoned to two jongleurs, who came forward, and after placing on the upraised dais several thousands of eggs, executed, with nimble feet, and without the slightest impediment, that celebrated dance which was invented by their liege lord. Immediately on the conclusion of this saraband, cries of “A Nathanne! A Nathanne!” rung through the vast extent of the hall. Seeing the frown still on the countenance of his lord, the merry jester Tommathews gave another sign, and two minstrels, bearing in their hands golden harps, advanced, made obeisance, and commenced singing. Their chant was much applauded, and could their strains be written down in the exactness in which they were sung, they would

be regarded as invaluable specimens of the English poetry of that early age. In modern days, however, a so-called refinement has sprung up, which regards with horror the fine freespoken language of bygone times,—language in which at least a spade was called a spade, and not known under any foreign appellation. To the minstrels succeeded a savage man, whose rude figure, but scantily covered with strips of ivy and green boughs twisted into a species of apron, was calculated to strike dismay into the minds of the spectators. In his hand he carried a large club, formed of the trunk of a young tree, which he wielded with the utmost ease, whirling it round his head, and beating time with it to the various cadences of the music,—a pitch-pipe, played by one of the attendants, being his sole accompaniment. Notwithstanding all this junketing, however, the mind of the Baron was obviously ill at ease. Reclining back on his seat, his eye wandered vacantly over the forms of the mummers; the rhymes of the minstrels echoed on his ear, indeed, but found no response in his heart; his hand occasionally grasped the jewelled sword-hilt at his side, as though his

brain were busy with thoughts of evil, and at length he sprang to his feet, and shouted—

“Busk ye, busk ye, my merry men! away, one and all! A gracious Providence be thanked, that once more I am safe among ye. To-morrow’s sun will find ye all ranged in order due upon the upland slope. This war among the unbelievers hath from my pouch too much of rowdy ta’en; it needs replenishing! To-morrow, to that end I’ll commune with ye.”

He waved his hand, and each retainer and member of the family, making a courteous salute, retired from the Baron’s presence;—for in those early days of merry England, even when the subject of cash was mooted, man stood by man, and joyfully accorded a helping hand. Would it were thus in these so-called days of enlightenment!

Quitting the noble hall, as soon as they had departed, the Baron emerged upon the gay pleasure, and paced up and down as though rapt in meditation. The wind sighed softly through the trees, the moon had risen and shed her mild and placid light on the guards on castled heights and lonely shepherds watching their flocks on lofty

mountains. Few clouds were in the sky, and those that were were light and fleecy. It was one of those sweet evenings which even now occasionally visit us, when our greatest delight is to wander among ivy-clad ruins, and through romantic dells with the "fayre ladie of our love," and think upon the glories of the past times. Left alone, the Baron gave himself to the sorrowful emotions which possessed his soul; he paid no attention to the notes, or, as they were then called, neots, of the shepherds' horns, heard in the distance; he looked not at the beauty of the moonlight; but leaning against the wall, while the large tears coursed each other down his wan cheeks, he at length gave vent to his pent-up feelings in a fit of sobbing.

"Oh, Alice!" exclaimed he, "my life, my love, my bride, where art thou? I left thee two short years since in the spring of youth and health; I return to find thee—or rather not to find thee. The current of my life is stopped—my sun has set—my hopes are blighted—my heart broken—my days—— Ah! a footstep! Great Heaven, that any of my varlets should see these signs of weakness. Who goes there? Ha! boy, speak! What hast

seen?" And rushing forward he seized the page, who had emerged from the shadow of the building. The youth flung himself on his knees. "Oh, good my lord, spare me, I prithee!" he exclaimed.

"Nay, by the soul of St. Egbert, nay!" returned the Baron; "thou hast seen my tears, and now prepare for death!" He seized him by the scruff of his delicate neck, when a shriek rang in his ears, and a well-known voice cried "Reginald!" The Baron looked in amazement;—it was the page who had spoken! "Oh, Reginald, I can play this part no longer! take thine Alice to thy heart!"

"St. Egbert! St. Beowulph! do mine eyes and ears deceive me? What, Alice, thou?—and thou hast——"

"Ay, Reginald!" exclaimed Alice, removing her jewelled cap, and letting her chestnut ringlets ripple to her knee; "I—thy wife—thine Alice, have, in this humble garb, followed thine every movement on the tented plain; have tended thy sick couch and washed thy wounds! and now," she added, with an arch laugh—"and now thou wouldst strike me!"

"An I would, may my sword-arm drop from

its socket! Heaven bless thee, Alice! Once more is thy Reginald happy!"

More need not be said. The next day witnessed a repetition of the banquet,—only on a scale a thousand times more gorgeous; and hereafter, until death called them away, Alice and Reginald lived happy in merry England.

POEMS.

By EDGARDO POOH.

The Parrot.

ONCE, as through the streets I wandered, and
o'er many a fancy pondered,
Many a fancy quaint and curious, which had filled
my mind of yore,—
Suddenly my footsteps stumbled, and against a
man I tumbled,
Who, beneath a sailor's jacket, something large
and heavy bore.
“Beg your pardon, sir!” I muttered, as I rose up,
hurt and sore;
But the sailor only swore.

Vexed at this, my soul grew stronger: hesitating
then no-longer,
“Sir,” said I, “now really, truly, your forgiveness
I implore!

But, in fact, my sense was napping——” Then
 the sailor answered, rapping
 Out his dreadful oaths and awful imprecations by
 the score,—

Answered he, “Come, hold your jaw!

“May my timbers now be shivered”—oh, at this
 my poor heart quivered,—

“If you don’t beat any parson that I ever met
 before!

“You’ve not hurt me; stow your prosing”—then,
 his huge peacoat unclosing,
 Straight he showed the heavy parcel, which beneath
 his arm he bore,—

Showed a cage which held a parrot, such as Crusoe
 had of yore,

Which at once drew corks and swore,

Much I marvelled at this parrot, green as grass
 and red as carrot,

Which, with fluency and ease, was uttering sen-
 tences a score;

And it pleased me so immensely, and I liked it so
 intensely,

That I bid for it at once; and when I showed
of gold my store,
Instantly the sailor sold it; mine it was, and his
no more;
Mine it was for evermore.

Prouder was I of this bargain, e'en than patriotic
Dargan,
When his Sovereign, Queen Victoria, crossed the
threshold of his door;—
Surely I had gone demented—surely I had sore
repented,
Had I known the dreadful misery which for me
Fate had in store,—
Known the fearful, awful misery which for me
Fate had in store,
Then, and now, and evermore!

Scarcely to my friends I'd shown it, when (my
mother's dreadful groan!—it
Haunts me even now!) the parrot from his perch
began to pour
Forth the most tremendous speeches, such as Mr.
Ainsworth teaches—

Us were uttered by highwaymen and rapparees of
yore!—

By the wicked, furious, tearing, riding rapparees
of yore;

But which now are heard no more.

And my father, straight uprising, spake his mind—

It was surprising

That this favourite son, who'd never, never so trans-
gressed before,

Should have brought a horrid, screaming—nay,
e'en worse than that—blaspheming

Bird within that pure home circle—bird well
learned in wicked lore!

While he spake, the parrot, doubtless thinking it a
horrid bore,

Cried out "Cuckoo!" barked, and swore.

And since then what it has cost me,—all the wealth
and friends it's lost me,

All the trouble, care, and sorrow, cankering my
bosom's core,

Can't be mentioned in these verses; till, at length,
my heartfelt curses

Gave I to this cruel parrot, who quite coolly scanned
me o'er—

Wicked, wretched, cruel parrot, who quite coolly
scanned me o'er,

Laughed, drew several corks, and swore.

“Parrot!” said I, “bird of evil! parrot still, or
bird or devil!

By the piper who the Israelitish leader played
before,

I will stand this chaff no longer! We will see
now which is stronger.

Come, now,—off! Thy cage is open—free thou art,
and there's the door!

Off at once, and I'll forgive thee;—take the hint,
and leave my door.”

But the parrot only swore.

And the parrot never flitting, still is sitting, still
is sitting

On the very self-same perch where first he sat in
days of yore;

And his only occupations seem acquiring impreca-
tions

Of the last and freshest fashion, which he picks up
 by the score ;
 Picks them up, and, with the greatest *gusto*, bawls
 them by the score,
 And will swear for evermore.

The Swells.

SEE the Gardens with the swells—
 Noble swells !
 What a power of foolery their presence here foretels !
 How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
 To each other left and right,
 What to them is any matter ?
 Since their tailor and their hatter
 Are their sole delight.
 Running tick, tick, tick,
 And hastening to Old Nick,
 By expending time and money on dancing, dicing,
belles,
 Are the swells, swells, swells, swells,
 Swells, swells, swells,—
 Are the foolish and profligate young swells.

See the dressy little swells—

‘ Snobby swells !

What a world of happiness that Moses’ paletôt tells!

Through the murky air of night,

How they shout out their delight,

From their Cashmere-shawlèd throats,

And out of tune,

What a drunken ditty floats

To the gas-lamps shining on policemen’s coats,

On their shoon !

Oh, from out the Bow-street cells,

What a gush of harmony uproariously wells !

How it smells !

How it knells—

For the morrow ! how it tells

Of the folly that impels

To the laughing and the quaffing

Of the swells, swells, swells,

Of the swells, swells, swells, swells,

Swells, swells, swells,

Of the dining and the fine-ing of the swells !

See the literary swells—

Writing swells !

What a tale of envy now their turbulency tells,
How they quarrel, snarl, and fight
With each other as they write!
Much too dignified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
With their pen,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the
buyer,
In a mad expostulation with the dazed and doubt-
ing buyer!
And they leap high, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now—now to sit or never—
On a throne above all other men.

See the venerable swells—
Bygone swells!
What a world of solemn thoughts their gaiety
compels!
In their ancient fashioned coats,
In their stiff cravatted throats,

How we recognise the Regent and his *corps* !

There remains now not e'en one—

All, all the set are gone,

Ils sont morts !

Save the few men—ah ! these few men !

Who are left among the new men

All alone !

And who, toiling, toiling, toiling,

Through their days, mere skin and bone,

Feel a pleasure now in spoiling

Each hearty healthy tone—

Do these swells, swells, swells,

These swells, swells, swells, swells,

Swells, swells, swells,—

These worn-out, used-up, godless, ancient swells !

JIGGER, OF THE "DODO."

BY JONAS HANWAY, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "SANGSTER'S HISTORY OF THE UMBRELLA,"
"SKETCHES IN SKY BLUE," "DIETRICHSEN'S ALMANACK,"
"SINGLETON GLOSTER," ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE Mediterranean! There is music in the word to the ear of the scholar and gentleman, which I fear the somewhat coarser textile fabric of my highly respectable friend Blugg's auricular economy would hardly appreciate. Don't be offended, Blugg. You are a most estimable bagman—and your general conduct to Mrs. Blugg and the corduroyed and pinafores Blugglings, is doubtless in all its bearings irreproachable. But you are no gentleman, Blugg. I diverge, parenthetically, into this outburst of good breeding to prove to you that I am one myself.

The Mediterranean! Washing the shores of Carthage, where old Hannibal lived when he was at home. Glorious old Hannibal! And of Sicily,

where that magnificent stunner, Dionysius, held potent sway. Glorious old Dionysius! *Ultimus Tyrannorum!* And of Naples: which my plebeian acquaintance, Higg, will be astonished to learn, for the first time, (never mind, Higg, old boy—it's never too late to learn—stick to your Mechanics' Institute, and there is no knowing what may happen,) was known to the ancients by the high sounding name of Neapolis.* Glorious old Neapolis!

And Rome! What shall we say of Rome? The Tiber flowed through it. Glorious old Tiberius! It was there that Julius Cæsar (the greatest and noblest gentleman that ever lived, though even he could not keep the Scotch out of England,) published his *Commentaries*. What did you say, Huggins? "You have not read the work?" It is a matter for regret, rather than surprise, Huggins. Nevertheless, there are people cognizant of the existence of such a publication. *Floreat Etona!*

The *Dodo* was bound for Malta. In a few

* JUVENAL. *In. verb. pers. non. nom. hab.* Blokes, Cambridge, 1651½.

hours Valetta would be in sight. Jigger stood on the quarter-deck watching the poop lantern as it fluttered in the cool south-westerly breeze. It would be his turn to take charge of the watch in half-an-hour. A tear swelled up into his blue Saxon eye as he was reminded of a watch that the reduced circumstances of his family had compelled him to leave in charge of another. How he cursed his father! the miserable grocer, but for whose officious intervention, the blood of the Mac Taggarts (of Castle Taggart, Inverness), would be flowing unpolluted through his veins. He drew his mother's miniature from his bosom. The noble face smiled upon him. With the same calm smile of resignation the beloved original had, doubtless, endured the hardships of her early life—which the inhumanity of a Mammon-worshipping age had compelled her to spend in the Glasgow poorhouse. With a like smile of trusting gratitude she would have received the humiliating but well-intentioned prospect of emancipation held out to her in the ignoble tradesman's kindly, if ungrammatical proposal of marriage. Well, well! Jigger would not be hard on his father—deep as

was the injury he had experienced in the contamination of his family connexion. He would forgive him ; but he would cut his acquaintance as soon as he should obtain his lieutenancy !

This nobly-resolved reconciliation of conflicting duties partially calmed his troubled spirit. However, he thought it advisable to go on weeping. A light hand was laid on his shoulder ; he turned round. Ossian Mac Toddie stood behind him : a book was in one hand, a stiff glass of rum-and-water in the other. Between his teeth he held a short pipe, from which the odour of the best bird's-eye unmistakably emanated.

Jigger dried his tears. He was an officer and a gentleman ; moreover, his pocket-handkerchief had just come home from the wash ; so he stood undaunted.

“ Well, younker ! ” said Mr. Mac Toddie,—not unkindly, as our hero felt. He was always susceptible to kindness, (as I have no doubt you are, also, Higg ; and if I were to invite you to dinner, in the fulness of your gratitude, I am convinced you would come—so I went, Higg, which is a sell for you.) He wept again.

"What's the row?" said Ossian, poking him in the ribs, and winking.

Jigger's heart had always warmed, without his knowing why, towards this studious and rarely approachable young officer. He had endured his kicks with less repugnance than those of his brother oldsters; (it may be that the instinctive high breeding of our hero taught him the distinction between a patent-leather and a highlow.) But this delicate sympathy, veiled under a surface of unwonted *bonhomie*, was almost too much for him. He remembered, however, that he was sprung from the Mac Taggart, and so far mastered his emotion as to ask his new friend—

"What are you reading?"

"Carlyle."

"Is it good?"

"Did you never read him?"

"Never."

"I'll lend you his works."

Our hero could have kissed him for this offer; but he didn't. Ossian continued—

"Have you read Emerson?"

"Never."

“Oh! you should.”

Jigger had promised to settle his bootmaker's bill out of his next remittance; but he mentally resolved to invest the money in a copy of Emerson's collected works instead.

There was a pause of some minutes, during which our hero watched the intellectual countenance of his companion intently. He, however, forbore to intrude on the majestic serenity of his thoughts.

Ossian's pipe fell overboard during his reverie.

“There,” he said, laughing, “there's a warning for me to give up smoking, though I am afraid I shall find it rather difficult at this time of day.”

“*Sera nunquam est ad bonos mores via,*” said our hero, with that excusable eagerness for quotation which is the characteristic of the educated gentleman.

“So, you are a scholar, younker,” said the elder, with an approving laugh; “I thought so. Well, now we can understand each other. What a thing is learning!”

Jigger listened breathlessly.

The master's mate continued—“Do you remember what jolly old Seneca—or it may have been

Martial—says about the blessings of intellectual cultivation?"

"I do not."

"*Emollit mores nec sinet esse feros.* There were men in those days, younker!"

"I believe you, my messmate," sighed our hero.

"Yes, it is something in these times, when the guinea carries everything before it.—By the way, you don't happen to have one about you, do you?"

"Quite the contrary," said our hero, with the impetuous alacrity of a candid nature.

"I think the better of you for it," said the other, his voice and countenance dropping a little. "I said it to try you. I feared you might belong to the Plutocracy, by which the service is being rapidly ruined. Fortunately, they cannot rob us of our learning. You remember old Juvénal or somebody's line about perishable riches?"

"Pray repeat it."

"*Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum.*"

"How witheringly true!"

"Possibly! But in the meantime Bright is member for Manchester."

Our hero clenched his fists.

“What is to be done?” he cried.

Ossian leant over the bulwarks, and tried to spit in a dolphin’s eye. He missed.

“Never mind, younker,” he said, half laughing, half annoyed at the misadventure. “However unpromising the age, the poet has left us one enduring consolation.”

“Which?”

“*Ars longa, vita brevis.* Good night, younker. I want some more rum-and-water.”

Jigger watched him down the hatchway. He felt that, with such a friend, life would be pleasant indeed.

B.

MAUD,
AND OTHER POEMS.

By A— T— (D.C.L.).

FRAGMENTS WRITTEN TOO LATE FOR THE FIRST EDITION, AND WHICH THE AUTHOR COULDN'T FIND IN TIME FOR THE SECOND, AND DIDN'T THINK IT WORTH WHILE BOTHERING HIS HEAD ABOUT FOR SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS; BUT WHICH WILL PROBABLY COME IN SOMEHOW—OR IF NOT, IT DOESN'T MUCH MATTER.

Song.

CHIRBUP, chirp, chirp, chirp, twitter,
Warble, flutter, and fly away;
Dickey birds, chickey birds—quick, ye birds,
Shut it up, cut it up, die away.

Maud is going to sing!
Maud with the voice like lutestrings,
(To which the sole species of string
I know of that rhymes is bootstrings.)

Still, you may stop if you please ;
 Roar us a chorus sonorous,
 Robin, bob in at ease ;
 Tom-tit, prompt it for us.
 Rose or thistle in, whistlin',
 (What a beast is her brother !)
 Maud has sung from her tongue rung ;
 Echo it out,
 From each shoot shout,
 From each root rout—
 " She'll oblige us with another."

Midsummer Madness.

A SOLILOQUY.

I am a hearth-rug.
 Yes, a rug—
 Though I cannot describe myself as snug ;
 Yet I know that for me they paid a price
 For a Turkey carpet that would suffice
 (But we live in an age of rascal vice).
 Why was I ever woven,
 For a clumsy lout with a wooden leg
 To come with his endless Peg ! Peg !

· Peg! Peg!

With a wooden leg,

Till countless holes I'm drove in.

("Drove" I have said, and it should be "driven :")

A hearth-rug's blunders should be forgiven,

For wretched scribblers have exercised

Such endless bosh and clamour,

So improvidently have improvised,

That they've utterly ungrammaticised

Our ungrammatical grammar).

And the coals

Burn holes,

Or make spots like moles,

And my lily-white tints, as black as your hat turn;

And the housemaid (a matricide, will-forging
slattern)

Rolls

The rolls

From the plate, in shoals,

When they're put to warm in front of the coals;

And no one with me condoles,

For the butter-stains on my beautiful pattern.

But coals and rolls, and sometimes soles,

Dropp'd from the frying-pan out of the fire,
 Are nothing to raise my indignant ire

Like the Peg! Peg!

Of that horrible man with the wooden leg,
 That crushes my pile like the shell of an egg.

The Peg! Peg!

Of that wooden leg,

Mercy from whom it were vain to beg,
 (If the rugged voice of a rug *could* beg),
 Less human than soles, or coals, or rolls,
 For wooden legs have got no soles.

This moral spread from me,

Sing it, ring it, yelp it—

Never a hearth-rug be,

That is, if you can help it.

Things in General.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

What's the odds, so long as you're happy, so long
 as you're not?

Never say die, when you know there's nothing to
live for at all.

Who is who, in an age when nobody knows what's
what,

And the way to Westminster lies through Pimlico
over Vauxhall?

Truth is the greatest liar I ever knew in my life;
Soyer was never known the plainest dinner to dish.
Black is your only white—Peace is your only strife.
Rothschild's as poor as Job, and Cruikshank drinks
like a fish.

ALFRED DE MUSSET IN LONDON.

BALLADE À LA LUNE.

THERE's the Nassau balloon.

No! it's (somebody's drunk)

The moon!

Like a nail in a trunk!

Come, be steady: you won't?

Mother Moon, if you please

Now don't,

For it's not the green cheese.

Don't keep winking at me.

There, I saw you again,

Two—three!

By the Pope, there are ten.

What! you're there all alone!

What's become of the nine?

Come, own.

(Pshaw, it *wasn't* the wine).

Moon, what *are* you? Declare.

A white wafer, to dry

Stuck there?

Or a hole in the sky,

With a light shining through,

Like a tin rushlight-shade,

Quite new,

With no second hole made?

Or a big silver ball,

With which Jupiter plays

At mall

On his high holidays?

People say you are chaste,

But such scenes as I vow

You've faced---

Why, you're kissing *me* now!

Once a month you come out.

Who's your editor? Say.

No doubt

You have silver to pay

Your contributors all :
Stocks of gold for each dun
Not small,
You receive from the sun.

Oh, you cold, careful jade !
Let alone such as you,
In trade
To look after your dew,

You're attractive, no doubt,
And poor devils like me,
Keep out
When in bed we should be.

And you drive us all mad,—
For your beams, though so light,
(Too bad !)
Fall, upsetting us quite.

I'm as drunk as a lord.
I say, Moon, chuck us down
A cord,
And I'll climb for a crown

To your summit right up.
Or suppose you descend
And sup.
By the way, who's your friend?

What! another?—one more?
Well, then, bring 'em all three.
What! four?
Well, it's all one to me.

Five—six—seven moons! Oh!
This is stretching the fun.
Halloo!
Why, there's not even one!

Policeman, my friend,
I'll move on if you wish;
But lend
Me your lantern to fish

For the moon in the sky;
There she is—no, that's *not* her;
My eye!
Then some scoundrel has shot her!

THE SILLY AND THE SEA.

An Apologue of Brighton.

BY SAMUEL WARRINK.

AUTHOR OF "THE DAIRY OF A SURGEON," "SIXPENCE A WEEK,"
"NOW OR NEVER," ETC.

"Here comes one, serenely unconscious that he is a fool."

The Lily and the Bee.

ONE standeth by the sea,
LARGE, VAST, INFINITE,—
The sea, the main, the ocean,
It is blue, it is green, it is deep,
 Watery,—
Salt, not fresh watery,—
 Salt, salt, salt;
What thoughts are passing
Through thy translucent bosom,
 O sea?
 Thinkest thou
Of people connected with thee,
Mentioned to us in song?
 Of Taylor—
 Billy!

Who, by the two score of young fellows,—

Stout—ay!

And goodly to be seen!

Blue as to their array,—blue, blue,

Was carried off,

Unresisting,—

Ay, pressed, pressed by a gang,

Torn from his home, home,

Dulce Domum!

Tempus est ludendi,

Venit hora!—his hour was come, and away

To the sea!

To the blue! to the fresh!

To the EVER FREE!!!

Do you recollect the captain

Who was our commander? also,

The crew? Ah, Boreas! cease,

Blustering railer!

Railer! blustering, storming,

Screeching, blaspheming,

Shrieking RAILER!!

List!

To me ye landsmen, be so

Excessively kind

As to give me for one minute

Your kind

ATTENTION !

Sail, sir ! boat, sir !

The weather is fine for Rottingdean !

Come—the sails,

Canvas, floorcloth,—

Big, large, potential, see !

The boatman is prepared,

Large whiskered, deep voiced, hairy faced,

Who

Setteth the sail,

His comrades

Shove her

Off !

And then, running by the side,

Leap in ; the big

Waves rise :

Ah ! the cold pork

I had for

LUNCHEON !

Rises in my stomach !

Also, my stomach itself

Rises—my boots jump

In the air, and the

SOLES

Look down upon me and laugh!

My head grovelleth

Beneath the seat,

Ah! once more! where?—what

Shall I do? What word can I

Use to express my feelings?

Ah, I have it! Come, gentle steward,—

BASIN!

GEMS OF BIOGRAPHY.

BY MR. P—FF, OF THE CR—T—C, LONDON LITERARY
JOURNAL.

[Living authors and artists are respectfully informed that (for a consideration) they can have their names, addresses, and biographies, with complete lists of their works, published in this Journal. Printed forms, for supplying us with the necessary information, may be had on application to the publisher.]

ALISON (SIR ARCHIBALD), Author, 298, Queerstreet, and Daft Castle, Ayrshire; born April 1st, —year forgotten; son of old Alison and old Mrs. Alison. Vaccinated within a few weeks of his birth, and weaned the year following, on asses' milk—the donkey being still in the family. Had a severe illness in his youth, and lost the use of his brains. His friends succeeded in getting him into *Blackwood's Magazine*,—an asylum charitably endowed for the reception of persons so afflicted. Was also enabled, by the peculiar nature of his calamity, to take high honours at College. Made a baronet in 1852, during the administration of

Lord Derby, decorated with the Order of the Thistle, and created Knight Commander of the Rack and Manger. Prophesied the downfall of England in 1853; and has been several times detected in a mischievous, though unsuccessful, attempt to set the Thames on fire. Author of *The History of Europe in Two Sections*. The grave of the man who read the first through, for the purpose of correcting the press, and actually survived it three days, is still shown at Edinburgh.

BOPPS (MICHAEL ANGELO), Artist, 198, Little Britain. Born 1825 of poor but dishonest parents. In 1886 entered himself as a student in the *atelier* of Snobbins, in whose family his first effort (a deal chest of drawers, after mahogany) is still preserved. In 1887 exhibited two pictures—"Prime Ginger Pop" and "Mangling done here,"—the first, at an apple-stall in Aldersgate-street; the second, an admirable representation of still life, from a mangle in the possession of his mother (who has since sold it), in the maternal laundry, where it was hung on the line. In the following year aspired to history, and exhibited

"The Royal Oak." As, however, it was only exhibited at a private view to the landlord of a public-house bearing that name, who declined to become a purchaser on the plea that he was not going to have such a daub disfigure his premises, its reception cannot be said to have been flattering. Turned his attention to letters, in which he succeeded in making a name for himself (on his own signboard), but the pursuit of which he was induced to abandon on finding he had spelt "decorator" with a K. Resumed his former studies, and has since been frequently before the public (house) as a painter, generally in his shirt-sleeves, and mounted on a step-ladder. His most successful works have been the "Fox and Hounds" (1843), for which he got the money in advance, and the "Red Lion" (1844), for which he succeeded in getting paid twice over. His "Pig and Whistle" (1852), though much admired, was considered by his friends to have done him no good, as, having to take the price of it out in malt liquor, he acquired a taste for that fluid which has since materially interfered with his progress as an artist. Attempted to get into the Royal Academy last

year, but, the shilling he offered at the door turning out to be a bad one, was refused admittance.

JAMES (G. P. R.), Author.—It was towards the close of a lovely evening, in the early part of the present century, when two travellers were seen wending their way on the top of an omnibus through the rich and fertile valleys of Peckham. The elder, whose cheeks were bronzed by the scorching sun of Islington, and above whose left whisker was a frightful scar, which he had made that morning with shaving, was a man in the prime of life.—(This is the commencement of a description of James, senior, taking his son to school. Want of space prevents us giving the remainder of Mr. James's biography. We shall publish a list of his works in a six-volume supplement.)

NOKES (PETRARCH SCOTT MONTGOMERY SHAKESPEAR), Author.—Two-pair back, Mrs. Johnson's, Grub-street, Borough. Born 1828; bound apprentice to the haberdashery business 1840; ran away from his indentures 1845; elected member of the

Whittington Club 1850. Author of *Theophilus and Angelina*; a Love Story;—*Oliver Cromwell*; or, *the Massacre of St. Bartholomew*; an Historical Romance of the Rhine in the Tenth Century;—*How's your Mother?* a Farce, in One Act.

A LIFE DRAMA.

BY ALESSANDRO SMIFFINI.

A City Street. Night.—BROWNSMITH, *alone.*

BROWNSMITH.

Johnson has hastened to the omnibus,
And now towards Fulham's world of greenery
Bears rapidly away! And I am left,—
To ponder o'er my woes and my great wrong!
Here with great thrusts and thumpings of the
heart,
Hot ear-tips, burning soles and scalding eyes,
Bursting brace-buttons and unripping gloves,
I stand and think!

ROBINSON, (*entering.*)

Hast thou no solace, then?

BROWNSMITH.

Yes, one,—but one, indeed! The sun has sunk,
And like a clerk, who hearing six o'clock

Strike from the clock which frowns o'er Lincoln's
 Inn,
 His dip extinguishes, his throat enwraps
 In comforter of woollen, various dyed,
 Sallies home Camdentown-wards through the dank
 And muggy air—— But now no more of this !

ROBINSON.

My Brownsmith, thou art troubled and perplexed,
 Hither and thither tossing in thy mind,
 As when the vexing equinoctial gales
 Harass the sea.

BROWNSMITH.

Ay, thou art right ! hard spooming has my heart,
 Spit on, insulted by the brutal world ;
 The still great thoughts are rising in my mind,
 And all my soul, that greatest, purest part,
 Is planning poesy, such poesy as e'en
 Would make great wealth for Routledge or for
 Bogue !
 Why don't I publish ? even as the youth
 Who on the ladder's highest topmost round,
 Which to the bathing-machine tightly is attached,

Stands all unclathed, as stood the Phrygian Jove,
Waiting in hope, yet fearing all the while,
Ere yet he seeks the bosom of the sea ;
So, lo I stand ! ere to the world I give
My treasured volume ; but to thee, my friend,
My own dear friend, who so believes in me,
I'll tell a portion.—Listen—

(The remainder of the MS. is fortunately lost.)

THE COSTERMONGER'S FANCY.

A Humorous Ballad

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PREVAILING TASTE.

[Written by a diffidently-ambitious bard, who, being much struck by the enthusiastic reception of the *Ratcatcher's Daughter* at a popular assembly, thought he might be able to do something pretty nearly as good, in the same graceful and high-toned manner, if he were to try his hardest, and did so accordingly. The following is the result.]

OH! it's of a Costermonger bold,
Who dealt in greens and carrot,
Which, as only in a barrow he sold,
We can't say he kept a char'ot.
He fell in love with a sweet pooty gal,
Her name I'm told was Nancy,
And the Prince of Wales would have given his eyes
For the Costermonger's Fancy.
Gibbery gosh! swaddleham slosh!
Ri fum! ti fum! Gollikins!
Jiggery crack! swiggery whack!
Sillikins! Vallikins! Frolikins!
To church they went, and were married straight,
But Fortune's smiles will shirk us,

They had five small kids, which, as trade
went bad,

They had to send to the verk'us.

The Coster' he took to drinking hard,

As likewise did fair Nancy,

And the flat-irons all and the clothes was
pawned,

By the Costermonger's Fancy.

Gibbery gosh! &c.

But of course things couldn't last like this,

So the Coster' he swore he'd leave her,

Which he did—and soon his pooty little bride

Was took with the typhus fever.

The parish doctor green bottles sent,

“The mixture as before, for Nancy,”

She recover'd, but lost the use of her limbs,

Did the Costermonger's Fancy.

Gibbery gosh! &c.

Well, Bill (that's the Coster's name) one day

Came home in a state of liquor,

And finding his wife had got no tin,

Took it into his head to kick her.

She called him a brute—the poker he took,
 And knocked on the head Miss Nancy.
 And a case for Mr. Wakley soon
 Was the Costermonger's Fancy.
 Gibbery gosh! &c.

Oh! the coroner's inquest soon was held,
 And the foreman (a terrible joker)
 Was for letting Bill off, as he had but tried
 To instruct his wife in the *Po'ka!*
 But the others said "No; he deserves to go
 To the drop for murdering Nancy."
 So a drop too much, for killing, he got,
 The Costermonger's Fancy.
 Gibbery gosh! &c.

So they hanged poor Bill on a frosty morn,
 Just right in front of Newgit;
 Raving mad he died—such a fate, I hope,
 May ne'er either I or you get.
 But there's an end of my costermonger friend,
 As likewise of Miss Nancy;
 And I hope by the tale you've been edified,
 Of the Costermonger's Fancy.
 Gibbery gosh! &c.

SOLOMON IMPROVED.

By MARTINUZZI FUPPER, A.M.

“A man that speaketh too much, and museth but little and lightly, wasteth his mind in words, and is counted a fool among men.”

Proverbial Philosophy.

PREFATORY.

THOUGHTS that I have read in books, and gathered
from many sources ;
Treasures of ancient lore, mixed up with platitudes
and truisms ;
Caverns and grottos of science, illumined by a
rushlight of simile ;
Wisdom from David's son, and folly from mine
own noddle ;—
These sell I unto thee, O feeble haunter of
bookstalls ;
These commend I to thy open purse, O liner of
portmanteaus.
What though the *Athenæum* is loud and coarse in
its abuse,

Calling unpleasant names, such as " Sweet Psalmist
of Beadledom !"

Beadles are even as we,—our hearts can commune
together ;

Brains are beneath their hats, though cocked and
bedizened with lace ;

And strong the Berlin-gloved hand that graspeth
the pliant cane.

To meanest matters will I stoop, drawing on mine
own resources :

I will rise to noblest themes, extracting from the
works of others.

Thoughts are the products of the mind, the clear-
running stream of conviction,

Fouled by the mud of prejudice and the weeds and
rushes of jealousy.

Words are the efforts of speech, which a dumb
man never can accomplish ;

Fettered is his tongue in his mouth,—he muttereth,
—look, none can understand him !

To write is to speak with a pen, an instrument of
Gillott or goosequill ;

And though the dumb are silent, yet writing is not
denied to them.

I have the power of writing—*one am I among a thousand.*

Greatest of living men ; a fact easy of explanation.

An author is the greatest of mortals, a poet the greatest of authors ;

I am the greatest of poets—*quod demonstrandum erat !*

Of Christmas.

CHRISTMAS is a season of the year ; it arriveth once in a twelvemonth ;

It cometh to the wise and good, alike with the wicked and foolish ;

For there is no person so strait-laced but hath in him some hankerings for pudding.

Nor is any boy so absurd as to deny the pleasures of mincemeat.

A sage is a man of wisdom ; but a fool lacketh understanding ;

And though a rose is scented, its stem is surrounded with briars.

Go to, ye who say that Christmas cometh in the summer.

Apples grow not on oaks, nor are oysters made of granite!

A soul travelleth through space, and our mental monitors are in us,

Though Deucalion flingeth pebbles which rise in array against him.

Christmas is a time for fun—the clown's grimaces are pleasant.

His face and dress are fantastic—he useth ochre and bismuth;

Despise not thou a small thing; a gnat can hurt thy proboscis,

And a needle inserted in a chair maketh an unpleasant seat.

Friends gather at this season, for Christmas is a winter guest,

And the fire, shunned in June, oftentimes is welcomed in December.

The grasp of a friendly hand is the sign of a good understanding—

And as the kiss of palmer is palm diving into palm—

Yet sometimes is the grasp deceitful, inane, and meaning naught,

As a nut instead of a kernel containeth but dust
and ashes.

Are you surrounded by children? Think that they
must have once been infants,

And as such unable to talk or to dance a lively
measure.

Look how the bud becometh a flower, the pip an
orchard;

And though there is a sun at noonday, at eve is
the gas lighted.

Christmas is soon past away, and such may be con-
sidered life,

Which is likewise the end of all things, according
to the immortal Sarah.

Of Sleep.

SLEEP is a function of the body; a pleasant rest to
the system,

In which we cease to move or to transact our daily
business.

Sleeping, we are not awake, nor can we distinguish
objects,

Though the mind stirreth ever within us with a
keenness to carve out evil.

Seest thou yon man on his couch, supine, and
stretched at full length ;

Hearst thou the sounds from his nose reverbera-
ting through the hushed echoes,

Startling by their intensity, like the distant boom-
ing of the cataract,

And grinding on the ear of night like a dewdrop
in an Ethiop's crown !

He may be considered asleep, for his senses are
steeped in slumber,

And as he is not awake, the chances are that he
sleepeth !

Judge not of things by their events, neither by
their outward seeming,

And count not a man a negro because he has a
blackened skin,—

For the judicious mixer of rum-punch combineth
acidity and sweetness,

And the best melodist of Ethiopia is ofttimes a
native of the Dials.

Sleep hath connexion with counterpanes, and standeth in relation to blankets,—

Coverings pleasant to the body when pierced with frigidity of winter,

For every existence in the universe leaveth room for progression in bliss ;

And where sheets are not made of linen, there lacketh possible good,

Nevertheless, O sleeper, pride not thyself on thy four-post,

Nor plume thee in imaginary triumph, because thou art tucked in and curtained,

Come, and I will show thee an affliction, whereunto nought can be likened,

Sharp, actual, and constant, embittering the hours of night :

This is the domestic flea ! he skippeth over thee prostrate ;

Behold what fire is in his eye, what fervour on his cheek !

Steady and stern of purpose he quenches his sting in thy life blood,

Battening on thy ruddy cheek, and leaving his traces behind him.

Come, and I will tell thee of a joy which most of
us have experienced—

When at the door of the chamber, the hand-
maid announceth the hour,

Knowing it is Sunday morning, serene we turn on
our pillow,

Taking an extra doze, undisturbed by the troubles
of business,

THE BALLAD OF PEREA NENA.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE
J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.,

(WITHOUT ANY EXPLANATION AS TO HOW IT GOT THERE.)

WOULD ye hear the wondrous ditty
Of the Spanish maiden won,
Tempted from the groves of Seville,
Far from Andalusia's sun,
Brought to dance in northern England,
In the Market of the Hay?
If you seem to care about it,
Give attention to my lay.

Baldovino Juan Buckstone!
Man of mettle, heart of oak;
Dauntless as Augustus Mayhew
Cribbing some one else's joke!
Soul as large as the moustaches
Over Bridgeman's lip that fall,
Though in point of stature humble
As the wit of Howard Paul!

Baldovino Juan Buckstone !

Man of mettle, man of stuff—
Downy as the beard that bristles
On the chin of William Brough.
Man of many vast attainments,
As to which, in point of fact,
Seems there not the least occasion
That the bard should be exact.

He has been to Paris city

(Dramas British seeks he there) ;
He has sought the Gymnase Théâtre,
Paid his franc to the Parterre ;
He has seen the Spanish Dancers
Homeward wending,—winketh he
(O'er a *petit-verre* of absinthe),
“That’s the sort of thing for me !”

“Brown Perea ! dark Perea !

Wilt thou come to London town ?
Pounds a week beyond thy dreaming
I will give thee—money down.
In the snug Haymarket Theatre—
Don’t be nervous—try your luck ;

Something novel's really wanted,
Strike the bargain, there's a duck."

She has crossed the briny ocean,
She has got her luggage out,
Through the Custom House at Dover,
And her ticket seen about.
She has made the railway porters
Think the English women plain,
And the master of the station
Has enquired the way to Spain.

"Brown Perea! dark Perea!"
Shouts the call-boy up the stair,
"Act the fourth is nearly over—
Look alive and do your hair."
Down she comes, the green-room enters,
Seats herself upon a bench;
Much the authors there assembled
Grieve they've only studied French.

Brown Perea! dark Perea!
Planché clad in patent boots
Much regrets he hasn't master'd
Of the Spanish tongue the roots.

“Coyne, what’s ‘How d’ye do,’ in Spanish?”

Coyne is very much engaged,
Wond’ring if in Dublin Jackeen
A flirtation might be waged.

Brown Perea ! dark Perea !

Ne’er such light on green-room broke,
As thy beauty : Sidney Cooper
Even makes a decent joke.
E’en the stoic Morton dazzled
By the captivating glare,
Rushes out to buy a collar,
And is seen to comb his hair.

Chippendale is lost in wonder,

Compton has forgot his part ;
Howe, as far as “ *habla usted ?*”
(All his stock), has made a start.
Talfourd treads upon his *gibus*,
Kenney—Taylor, gaping stand :
Reade forgets, in his amazement,
E’en the charms of Madame Sand.

Brown Perea ! dark Perea !

They have call’d thee on to dance ;

Look the ladies of the theatre
 At thee with a scornful glance.
 Reynolds thinks her "rather pretty,—
 Somewhat dusky though in hue,"
 Buckingham, the mirror seeking,
 "Really hopes the thing will do."

Up the curtain—rang'd the ballet—
 Southern damsels plump and brown,
 (Walter Lacy, in the boxes,
 Is implored to sit him down);
 Cavaliers, in tights and jackets,
 Seek their hands—they don't resist—
 (Walter Lacy in the boxes
 Knits his brows and shakes his fist).

Comes the Señorita Giulio,
 (Fifteen pounds a week she gets),
 Dances she the light bolero,
 To the clinking castanets.
 Comes the brave Antonio Ruiz,
 Light of limb, but swart of brow,
 Makes he pantomimic gestures
 (Walter Lacy's quiet now).

Leads he off (not Lacy—Ruiz)
All the corps de ballet straight
To the fair Perea's dwelling
(First grooves forward)—there they wait.
And in actions most expressive,
Help'd by tones of music low,
Her, request to-night to come out,
Like a maid of Buffalo.

Down she comes—but who can picture
With his pen the lightning's glance?
Who can trace Perea Nena
Through the windings of the dance?
Who can fix the passing sunbeam,
Catch the fleeting rainbow's haze?
Who can trace Perea Nena
Through the Seguidilla's maze?

Who can?—but it doesn't matter,
And besides we haven't time.
Asks the boy for heaps of copy,
And he says there's lots of rhyme.
On the stairs we can't detain him,
Being somewhat short of pelf—

Haply had the reader better
See the lady dance himself.

Pause we merely, just to mention
How that Buckstone wink'd his eye,
And remark'd he thought he'd done it,
As delighted crowds passed by;
And that when the bard approach'd him
With congratulations, he
Ask'd the bard to come and liquor—
Favourable sign to see!

And that through proud London's city,
From the palace to the mart,
Nought is named but Spanish Dancers;
Taper waist and ankle smart,
Gay cachuca, glad bolero,
Light guitar and castanet,—
With the fact that Walter Lacy
Hasn't quite-recover'd yet.

B.

THE LAY OF THE HENPECKED.

BY LADY SUFFERIN.

I'm sitting in a style, Mary,
Which doesn't coincide
With what I've been accustom'd to
Since you became my bride ;
The men are singing comic songs,
The lark gets loud and high,
For I've ask'd—since you're from home, Mary,—
A party on the sly.

The place is rather chang'd, Mary,
Of smoke it slightly smells,
And the table and the floor are strewn
With heaps of oyster shells ;
And the men have mark'd your damask chairs
With many a muddy streak,
And they've drawn burnt cork moustaches on
Your mother's portrait's cheek.

I'm very jolly now, Mary,
 'Midst old and valued friends,
(Though they've in the carpet burnt some holes
 With their Havannahs' ends).
For thou wert somewhat cross with me,
 And ever apt to chide,
But there's nothing left to care for now
 You're gone to the sea-side.

And yet I fear when all you've learnt,
 This ev'ning's work I'll rue ;
And I'll not forget it, darling, for
 You won't allow me to.
In vain they sing, "The Pope he leads—"
 Likewise, "Begone dull Care;"
For at thought of you, I vow I can't
 Sit easy in my chair.

Robyn Hoode and y^e Detectyde Offycere.

(FROM THE RIPSTONE COLLECTION.)

FYTTE I.

BOLD Robin he stood in Barnsdale Wood,
And he leant him under a tree,
When he was aware of a stranger knight
A-riding athwart the lea.

And Robin he chuckled and rubbed his hands,
And his heart was lightsome glad,
For of late the trade in the greenwood glade
Had been exceeding bad.

There was never a joint in the larder cave,
And the Malvoisie was out,
The nut-brown ale was beginning to fail,
And they'd tapp'd the last of the stout.

The Friar grew thin upon lenten fare
Of pulse and woodland roots ;
And Little John couldn't go to town
For want of a pair of boots.

While Marian May in dudgeon kept
Her bower of leaves so green ;
For she hadn't a hood that was not in rags,
Or a kirtle fit to be seen.

Will Scarlet was gone to Nottingham Fair,
With his thimbles and his pea,
To try and ease of their surplus cash
The Thanes and Franklyns free.

And Midge the Miller was with him gone,
As a simple yeoman dress'd,
To decoy the green ; but his garb, I ween,
Was none of the very best.

But little money he had to sport ;
And, alack ! his face was known
To the vigilant Nottingham police ;
So the scheme was well-nigh "blown."

Their only source of income sure
Was the minstrel Allan-à-Dale ;
Never, I wis, that minstrel's art
To loosen the purse might fail.

“ Read me my riddle, and tell me my tale,”
So sang a bard of old ;
But the genuine “ craft ” of Allen-à-Dale
Has never been truly told.

’Twas this—he would smirch his visage o’er
With lampblack, oil, and soot,
And a hideous collar of paper white
About his cheeks would put.

And a kerchief stiff around his neck,
In a ghastly bow tied he,
Twelve inches wide upon either side,
An ogglesome sight to see !

And a batter’d hood of undressed felt,
With band of funeral crape,
He wore, with a pair of hosen striped,
Of a weird unearthly shape.

On a deadly instrument he play’d,
A banjo it was hight.
At its dismal tones, with shrieks and groans,
The villagers fled in fright.

To the sick man's door, and the scholar's cell,
With this machine he'd prowl,
And accompany its melody
With a suicidal howl.

And never a churl, to purchase peace
At a shilling's price would shrink—
But the worst of it was, young Allan-à-Dale
Would spend it all in drink.

So you'll understand why Robin was pleased,
And rubbed his hands with glee,
When he was aware of a stranger knight
A-riding athwart the lea.

FYTTE II.

"Oh which is the way to Nottinghame Town?"
The stranger knight he cried.

"I have lost my way in the twilight gray,
And know not where I ride."

"Oh! the path is vex'd," bold Robin he said,
"And your way you sure would lose.
I've nought to do for an hour or two,
A guide you will scarce refuse."

“ Now, grammercy, for thy courtesy,”

The stranger answered he,

“ And a flagon brown, with a silver crown,

Thy guerdon fair shall be.”

“ At a flagon brown,” bold Robin replied,

“ I shall not wince or chafe ;

But your crowns, I fear, for to own them here

Were neither wise nor safe.”

“ Now what dost thou fear, thou timid hind ?”

The stranger laugh'd in scorn,

(While Robin he chuckled in secret glee

The jewell'd hilts of the knight to see,

And his silver bugle horn).

“ Oh ! I fear the outlaws of merry Sherwood,

Those daring, reckless thieves ;”

(Here Robin he acted a comic start

At the sound of crackling leaves).

“ The outlaws ! 'faith I would give one ear,

To meet those gallant men ;

I will make thy silver crown a pound

To lead me to their den.”

“Dost mean it, knight?” “In faith do I.”
 “But the outlaws rob and kill”—
 “The pamper’d priest and the usuring knave—
 They’ll respect the spoils of a brother brave”—
 Said Robin—“Perhaps they will.

“But mind, you have sought the risk yourself,
 And should anything be wrong—
 ’Tis true I know where the outlaws haunt”—
 The knight said, “Cut along.”

Then Robin he took the jewell’d rein,
 The stranger humm’d a tune,
 While Robin he rated that silver horn
 As worth full many a spoon.

And noted the suit of Milan steel,
 Its rare and costly work,
 And thought of the sum he would get for it
 At Isaac’s fence in York.

Through brake and briar they bent their way,
 Still Robin frighten’d seem’d,
 And the stranger rallied him playfully
 That he of danger dream’d.

“Oh! prithee turn back while yet there’s time,
The scheme is with danger rife;”
Said the stranger “No,” he would through it go,
He wanted to see some life.

“Then see it now!” bold Robin he cried,
As they halted under a tree;
And he drew a horn from his surcoat torn,
And blew him a blast of three.

Quick crowded round his merry men all,
(Excepting Allan-à-Dale,
Who having made an uncommon haul,
Had broken the peace in a godless brawl,
And lay in Nottinghame Jail).

They bent their bows and rais’d their staves,
The stranger wond’ring stood.
Said Robin, “Lo! I have earn’d my gold,
These are the Sherwood outlaws bold,
And I am Robin Hood.”

FYTTE III.

“Well play’d, i’faith!” the stranger laugh’d;
“An artful scheme, and deep;

Yet do not hold I am utterly sold,
For I deem the honour cheap.

“For what is a suit of Milan steel,
And a purse with nobles fill’d,
To the privilege rare, the sports to share,
Of the Sherwood outlaws skill’d?

“Take all I have, as a merry toll,
For the right to join your games;
But let me know, of this goodly show,
Of heroes, all the names.

“For in London town, in ball-rooms gay,
And supper hostels late,
I mean to brag of my loss of ‘swag,’
To a company so great.

“And let me say I have drain’d a bowl,
With the men of merry Sherwood,
And grasp’d the hand of each of the band
Of the famous Robin Hood.”

Well pleased were they with his kindly mood,
(But more with his golden spurs),
Will Scarlett told him at once his name,
And Marian told him hers.

“ But where is the goodly Friar Tuck ? ”

The Friar answered, “ Here ! ”

“ Let me, at least, partake thy cup, ”

And he pledg'd the Friar in beer.

And the Miller came, and Arthur à Bland,

The Tanner of Nottinghame,

And never a wight of that company,

(Save the hapless Allan, 'neath lock and key),

But answer'd to his name.

“ Enough ! ” the stranger knight exclaim'd ;

“ And now the spoil to yield, ”

(The Miller and Tuck were quarrelling now

For the bugle horn ; there was also a row

As to who was to have the shield).

The golden chain of his silver horn,

Off from his neck he threw,

The outlaws' toes were upon their tips,

When, lo ! he put it up to his lips,

And a ringing blast he blew.

From briar and shrub, from brake and scrub,

A band of armèd men,

In jerkins blue, with cudgels true,
And badges "A," "B," "One" and "Two,"
Swarm'd o'er the outlaws' den.

"Your warrants serve!" the stranger's voice
Rang through the startled vale.
"I've got the names of ev'ry one,
Nor may they prompt confinement shun
Without sufficient bail."

FYTTE IV.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in gay Sherwood,
Where the birds their songs are dinning,
But not so merry in Nottinghame Jail
Where the treadmill-wheel is spinning.

Bold Robin is doom'd to labour hard
For six months out of the twelve,
And Scarlett Will for the Lincoln Docks
Is doom'd the shore to delve.

The Friar pines in a lonely cell,
In a suit of hodden gray,
With a tonsur'd head, and his drink consists
Of cocoa twice a-day;

And all that band of outlaws bold,
In vilest durance grieve,
With the base exception of Little John,
Who the penitent dodge has well tried on,
And earned a ticket of leave.

Fair Marian's fingers oakum pick,
For her wicked comrades' crimes.
The month of Allan-à-Dale is out,
But they're writing indignant letters about
His banjo to *The Times*.

B.

LONGFELLOW IN PARIS.

THE GARÇON.

A Study.

THE Garçon is a wondrous man,
He answers to Baptiste;
His waistcoat sleeves are calico,
His slippers are of list.
He scrubs the chamber with his feet
Instead of with his fist.

He wears a cotton velvet cap,
Which deftly he removes
When summon'd to my room, and in
An apron pocket shoves,
Containing letters, countless keys,
His pipe and cleaning-gloves.

He wakes me in the morning up,
He hopes I've slumbered well,
He envies folks, he says, not doom'd
To drudge for an hotel.

The Garçon, I'm inclined to think,
Would like to be a swell.

He takes an interest in me,
Will dainties recommend ;
He chides me when I stop out late,
He knows how *that* must end ;
Is hard upon my morning draughts :
He treats me as a friend.

He lingers with the breakfast things,
Discoursing at the door,
Or, warming with his subject, stops,
And puts them on the floor :
It never enters in his head
That he can be a bore !

His philosophic creed is based
Upon the Cynic school,
Women he thinks amusing toys,
But worthless as a rule ;
His mistress is an arrant shrew,
His master is a fool.

He watches late, and labours hard,
He loiters when he dares ;
They always want him in the court
When up six flights of stairs ;
“ *Voi-là!*” he screams, and hurries down,
And on the way he swears.

He has two hundred boots to clean,
Eight staircases to wipe ;
I know not when or where he sleeps,
Or takes his wine and tripe.
His only solace seems, at eve,
A contemplative pipe !

B.

CAMP COOKERY.

By ALICKSUS SAWDER.

To boil Cabbage—it is necessary to procure a cabbage. Wash in cold water; which, throw down a gutter, or outside a tent if no gutter be procurable. Be careful not to splash trousers, especially in frosty weather. Stick a two-pronged fork boldly into the cabbage (a bayonet will do equally well), and plunge it into a saucepan of water just at boiling point. When it has boiled for eight minutes, twenty-five seconds, throw eleven-fifteenths of a teaspoonful of salt into the water. *Let the cabbage boil till it is thoroughly done.* At that moment be on the watch to take it out of the saucepan (taking care to avert the face from the steam), and place in a vegetable dish. Put the cover on, and serve up with roast beef, ortolans, venison, pickled pork, or whatever may come handiest.

An old helmet will supply the place of a saucepan. Cauliflowers may be cooked in the same manner; and, indeed, most things.

To fry Bacon.—Cut your bacon into long strips, or rashers. Wipe your frying-pan out with a coarse towel, or lining of old dressing-gown. Then place it gently (so as not to knock the bottom out) over a brisk fire. Place the rashers in, one by one. When they are done on one side, turn them over to do on the other. When they have attained a rich brown, take them out and arrange them on a dish, or slice of bread, or anything. Watch your rashers, so that the sentinel outside doesn't get at them; and eat when you feel inclined. The gravy may be sopped up from the frying-pan with crumbs of bread. If only biscuit is to be obtained, use the fingers, which lick carefully. The rind may be preserved in the waistcoat pocket, for sucking while on duty.

Roast Potatoes.—Put your potatoes under the stove, and rake hot embers over them. While they are cooking, get as much butter as the com-

missariat will allow you, and put it on a clean dish, or, a dirty one, with half a sheet of writing-paper on it (indeed, in an extreme case, the writing-paper will enable you to dispense with the dish altogether). Taste the butter, but don't eat it all up till the potatoes are done. Great care will be required for the observance of the latter regulation. Cut the butter into dice of from six to seven-eighths of a cubic inch. When the potatoes are done, cut them open and insert a dice of butter in each, closing the potato rapidly to prevent evaporation. Eat with pepper and salt, or whatever you can get.

Another Method.—If you can't get any butter, do without it.

Potatoes and Point.—This is a very popular dish in Ireland, and one which I have frequently partaken of in that country. The method of preparing it in the Crimea is as follows:—Boil a dish of potatoes, and serve up hot, with a watch-glass full of powdered salt. When they are ready for eating, point, with the fore-finger of the right hand,

in a north-westerly direction, where the regions of beef are supposed to exist.

Bread and pull-it—is a dish somewhat resembling the last, but of English origin. Take a loaf of bread (previously having obtained permission to do so) and pull it in half; eat with sardines or rum-and-water. This dish requires little or no study.

Churchwarden Soup.—Go round to the doors of the various tents and collect all the egg-shells you can find; boil them for two hours, and on the scale of two quarts of water to half-a-dozen egg-shells; drink hot, but not too much at a time. A little fresh beef, a bunch or two of sweet herbs, an onion, and some vermicelli (half a pound to the quart) would be found an improvement, but are by no means indispensable.

Fromage à l'écolier Anglais.—I learnt how to prepare this *plat* on the occasion of a recent visit to a charity-school, where a young relative of mine is completing his education, and who, indeed, showed

me the entire process. He performed it as follows:—He took the largest lump of cheese on the supper-plate (thrashing a smaller boy who attempted to dispute its possession with him), and proceeded to cut it up into dice (this form is indispensable on all occasions whatsoever) with his pocket-knife. He then, from the satchel of the youngest boy in the school, selected a slate, which he immediately broke over the proprietor's head into several small pieces, on one of which he placed his cheese. He then informed his schoolfellows, assembled round the evening candle, that if they did not get out of the way he would punch their heads into the middle of next week. This left him an open field for his culinary operations. I observed that he held the cheese, carefully balanced on the bit of slate, over the candle, and allowed it to frizzle till the heat of the slate burnt his fingers, and caused him to howl. This was a signal that his cheese was done enough, or, at all events, that he had better not try to do it any more. He ate it served up on a desk, garnished with candle-snuff, a little ink, and a tablespoonful of tears. I think I also noticed a wafer, which would, no doubt, give it

a zest. I have not tasted the dish myself, but the accuracy of the recipe may be relied on.

Green Peas in a Crimean Winter.—Boil half a pint of white peas, and put on green spectacles,—the peas will appear green. Mock turtle may be procured by the same expedient. Cut up a bit of salt pork (into dice, of course), and the coloured vitreous medium above-mentioned will give it the appearance of green fat.

Camp Asparagus.—None but a Londoner can enjoy this dish thoroughly. It consists merely of a slice of pork converted into asparagus by the force of imagination, aided by the reflection that “*all flesh is grass.*”

B.

FRAGMENT,

ATTRIBUTED TO ALEXANDER SMITH.

THE sobbing beef

Writhes like a martyr on th' impaling spit,
Moaning and heaving piteously; and now
In speechless suffering, with Promethean strength
Enduring all; then, madden'd with despair
That the slow burning torture which consumes
His mighty sides will, spite of him, wring forth
Big scalding tears of anguish—with a scream
Of baffled impotence he spits and foams
At his grim conqueror, the tyrant Fire,
Who, clad in iron mail, with helm of flame
And nodding plumes of smoke, with ashy face
Glares at the captive giant through his bars.

* * * * *

* * * The beef is done!

HARD TIMES.*

(REFINISHED.)

By CHARLES DIGGINS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THEY covered poor Stephen Blackpool's face !

The crowd from the Old Hell Shaft pressed around him. Mr. Gradgrind ran to look at the sufferer's face, but in doing so, he trod on a daisy. He wept: and a hundred and sixty more of his

* It would seem that the striking want of poetical justice in the usually-received termination of this otherwise excellent story, wherein none of the good people were made happy, and the wicked were most inadequately punished, had caused the author to tremble for his popularity among the female portion of the community—who, it is well known, will stand no liberties of that description. He has therefore (apparently) re-written it on more orthodox principles; or (not improbably) got somebody else to re-write it for him; or (as is barely possible) somebody else has re-written it for him without asking his leave. We have no means of ascertaining the exact state of the case. The reader is requested to form his own opinion, and let us know at his earliest convenience. Our business hours are from twelve to half-past, but our address is a profound secret.—EDS. O. M.

hairs turned gray. He would tread on no more daisies!

He was not, however, to be baulked in his humble, honest purpose of self-reform. As he passed over the common, a donkey kicked him. It reminded him that facts were stubborn things: and he had done with facts and stubbornness. He wept again.

“Rachel, beloved lass, art thou by me?”

“Ay, Stephen; how dost thou feel?”

“Hoomble and happy, lass. I be grateful and thankful. I be obliged to them as have brought charges o’ robbery agin me; an’ I hope as them as did it will be happy an’ enjoy the fruits. I do only look on my being pitched down that their shaft, and having all my bones broke, as a mercy and a providence, and God bless ev’rybody!”

“Stephen, your head be a wandering.”

“Ay, lass; awlus a muddle.”

“Will you take anything, Stephen?”

“I do hoombly thank thee for a good and trew lass thou hast awlus been to me; and I dunnot care if I do take a little soomut warm—wi’ a little sugar.”

The sobered man had still credit at the neighbouring tavern. In two seconds he appeared with a steaming glass of rum-and-water, scarcely stopping to sip it by the way.

“Can thou drink rum, Stephen?” asked Rachel, taking the tumbler from the hands of the sobered man for fear of accidents.

“I do hoombly and kindly thank thee, lass,” said poor Stephen; “I can drink anything.”

Rachel placed the goblet to his parched and quivering lips.

There was a moment of breathless silence. Mr. Bounderby rattled three-and-sixpence in his breeches pocket, and finding his ostentation was unnoticed, kicked a little boy down the Old Hell Shaft. Mr. Gradgrind purchased a pennyworth of violets from a blue-eyed flower-girl, and true to his new and trusting creed, accepted two counterfeit farthings as change for a sovereign without looking at them. The Whelp glared fiercely at the rum-and-water, and barked.

Stephen drank it, every drop. Finished. Down to the dregs. No heel-taps.

“I do hoombly thank thee, Rachel, good and

trew lass as thou hast been to me; but I do feel much better."

"Oh, here!" Mr. Bounderby blustered forward: "I'm not going to stand this. If a man suspected of robbing Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown's Bank, is to feel 'much better,' I should like to know what's the use of Old Hell Shafts. There's a touch of the gold-spoon game in that; and I'm up to the gold-spoon game—rather! And it wont go down with Josiah Bounderby. Of Coketown, Not exactly. Here! Where's a constable?"

There was none. Of course not. There never is, when wanted.

Mrs. Sparsit and Bitzer pressed officiously forward, and volunteered to take Stephen into custody.

"Shame!" cried the populace.

"Oh, I dare say," said Mr. Bounderby; "I'm a self-made man, and, having made myself, am not likely to be ashamed of anything. There, take him along."

There was a movement, as if for a rescue. The sobered man had been sober quite long enough without a fight, and tucked up his sleeves.

Stephen prevented this explosion.

"Noa, lads," he said, in his meek broken voice; "dunnot try to resky me. I be fond o' constables. I like going to prison. As for hard labour, I ha' been used to that long enough. Wi' regard to law—it's awlus a muddle."

"Off with him!" said Mr. Bounderby. "When I used to commit robberies, I never had any rum-and-water given to me. No, nor didn't talk about muddles. And I'm worth sixty thousand pounds, and have got ladies of family—ladies of family;"—he raised his voice to call attention to Mrs. Sparsit, who was ambling gently along with the submissive Stephen on her august shoulders—"acting as beasts of burden for me. Come up, madam!" And he gave Mrs. Sparsit a gentle touch of his whip, causing that high-nosed lady to prance a little.

They moved on, towards Coketown. The lights were beginning to blink through the fog. Like winking. The seven o'clock bells were ringing. Like one o'clock. Suddenly the tramp of horses and the fierce barking of a dog were heard.

With a wild cry, Sissy recognised Sleary's company galloping towards them—all mounted; Mr.

Sleary himself, grown much stouter, on his wonderful trained Arab steed, Bolivar; J. W. B. Childers, who had apparently not had time to change his dress, as the Indian warrior on the celebrated spotted Pegasus of the Caucasus; Kidderminster following, on the comic performing donkey, Jerusalem.

A dog, far in advance of the horse-riders, dashed amongst the astonished crowd, and singling out Mr. Bounderby, seized him by the scruff of the neck.

"Thath wight, Mewwylegth," cried Mr. S., coming up panting (in addition to his former lisp, advancing age had afflicted him with a difficulty in pronouncing his *r's*). "Thath the vewy identical cove: pin him! Good dog!"

"Help! murder!" cried the bully of humility, struggling with the animal. "Will you see a man worth sixty thousand pounds devoured by a dog?"

The prospect seemed to afford the bystanders considerable satisfaction.

"Ith no uthe, Thquire," said Sleary, calmly; "the dog wont let go hith hold of you;" and he added, in a hissing voice, "*ith Jupeth dog!*"

"It's a lie," Bounderby faltered; "I didn't murder him—he did it himself. I never saw the man. He hit me first. I never spoke to a clown in my life. Tear this hound off."

"Quite enough, Thquire," said Sleary. "I call on everybody in the Queenth name to athitht me in arethting thith man, Jothiah Bounderby, for the murder of my clown, Jupe, thickethteen yearth ago."

Sissy fainted into the Whelp's arms. From that moment the latter quadruped resolved to lead a virtuous life.

Mrs. Sparsit and Bitzer, with the alacrity of timeservers, released Stephen, and seized on their former patron. Stephen slipped quietly away in the confusion of the moment, remarking, with a wink of satisfaction to Rachel, "Awlus a muddle!"

Merrylegs retained his hold on his victim's throat. Like a vice.

"Murder!" cried Bounderby; "release me from this dog, or demon, and I will confess all."

"Mewwylegth, come here, thir!"

Merrylegs released his victim.

"Well, then," said the detected miscreant, des-

perately,—sixteen years ago I murdered the man, Jupe, to obtain possession of eighteen-pence,* with which I entered Coketown, and set up in business. And now, do your worst.”

The crowd recoiled in horror. The sobered man picked up Mr. Bounderby’s hat, that had dropped off in the scuffle, and immediately pawned it.

“Off with him!” cried Sleary, in a tone of theatrical authority,—“to jail!”

To jail! to jail! to jail!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TOWARDS town. The crowd gathering. Like a snowball. Much dirtier, though. Rather.

“Bitzer.”

The whisper was so hoarse that the light-porter scarcely recognised his master’s tones.

“Sir?”

* There is a trifling anachronism here. Bounderby having been represented as already prosperous at the time of Jupe’s disappearance. These little accidents, however, will happen in the best regulated plots.

"I have twenty sovereigns in my pocket. Let me slip away, and they are yours."

"Thank you, sir; but I have calculated that, by letting you be locked up all night, and going back and robbing the Bank, I shall make a much better thing of it. You must please to remember that I have my way to make."

"Will the key of the safe tempt you?"

"Thank you, sir;—that might be a consideration."

Bounderby slipped it into the light-porter's hand. In an instant he was gone, into the darkness, up an entry. In a few seconds, by a howl resembling the cry of a pack of hounds baffled in their scent, he knew that his escape had been discovered.

"There is no time to be lost," he muttered. He entered a chemist's shop.

"A pint of strychnine!"

"I beg your pardon, sir; but what do you want it for?"

"For a dog," said Bounderby, gnashing his teeth fiercely, as he thought of Merrylegs.

"Thank you;—you can keep the change."

He seized the poison with avidity, and rushed into the street. The cries of his pursuers came nearer. It was a fearful night—just the sort of night for a man to poison himself in. He placed the potion to his lips.

What appeared an animated mass of rags darted up from a dark corner, and seized the bottle from his hand.

“Aha!” said a drunken female voice, “a sly drain, eh, old boy? Half shares, though. I haven’t had a sup of anything good these two hours. Here’s your health.”

Ere he could arrest her movement, the drunken wife of Stephen Blackpool had drained the bottle to the dregs, and lay a squalid, loathsome corpse at his feet.

“Baffled, by Heaven!” cried Bounderby, spurning the lifeless object with his left highlow.

The pursuers were approaching. Their angry murmurs grew more and more distinct. The barking of the dog was terrible.

What was to be done?

Give himself up. To justice? To be hanged—by the neck—till he was dead? No! He had raised

himself from nothing, and he was not the man to trample on his own origin, if he could help it.

Lights at the end of the street.

“Bow! wow! wow! G-r-r-r-r-r-r!”

The dog again! How he wished the lights were in an edible form, and might choke the infuriated quadruped!

“G-r-r-o-o-o-o-w! Yap!”

“He is gaining on him. Good dog! at him, Merrylegs! S—s—tt! Murderers, boy, murderers!”

“Bow-ow-ow-o-o-o-o-w! Yap!”

There is scarcely an inch between the muzzle of the avenging Merrylegs and the seat of the inexpressibles that were considered, scarce an hour ago, worthy to press the highest judicial seat of Coketown. Another leap, and he has him by the trousers!

A yell of exultation bursts from the infuriated multitude.

Smash! crash! the head of Bounderby strikes against a door. The brave old oak resists the shock manfully. Ha! it is the door of his own mill—the Fairy Palace. There is yet hope; the

latch-key quivers in the lock:—squeak! creak!—the door yields. Bump! thump! It is barricaded from within, and the baffled Merrylegs stands in the street alone, with the yet palpitating seat of Mr. Bounderby's trousers in his extended jaws.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HIS melancholy-mad elephants were at work. They were always at work—day and night. I shouldn't like to be a melancholy-mad elephant, to be always at work—night and day. Should you? Not that I don't now and then sit up all night myself. But on those occasions I am not melancholy. By no means. Nor in the elephantine line. Quite the contrary. Mr. Bounderby entered the engine-room. There was a window at the back, by which he might let himself down into the Warren's Blacking river that supplied the mill, and so swim as far as Liverpool. He was alone,—the night-watchman of course had gone out for the evening. He could hear the crowds battering at the door below. In a few minutes he would be in custody.

The melancholy-mad elephants occupied a good deal of room. As will be the case with ill-tempered asthmatic old gentlemen, the building that contained them seemed insufficient space for them to wheeze and squeeze, and groan and moan, and mutter and splutter in. It required the greatest precaution, on the part of Mr. Bounderby, to step over the foaming cylinders, exhausted receivers, cranks, levers, and what not, to reach the desired window in safety.

At length he opened it.

“Bow-ow-ow-ow! Gr-r-r-r!”

The dog again! Jupe’s avenging angel! In at the window. Sixteen stories high! But of what is the dog not capable?

Bounderby fell back. Into what? Into the clutches of the melancholy-mad elephants. The fly-wheel caught him. Whirr! Burr! Whiz! Fiz! Round and round he went! He was a self-made man, but he had not made himself of sufficiently strong materials to resist the influence of the melancholy-mad elephants.

* * * * *

In the morning, a mother-of-pearl shirt button

and a fragment of a broad blue cloth coat-skirt were all the remains of the once prosperous Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown!

* * * * *

Little remains to be told. Rachel and Stephen were married. The robbery of the bank was fixed upon Mrs. Sparsit and Bitzer. As the house of Bounderby, however, had never issued anything but forged notes, the culprits were soon detected in the attempt to pass some of them. Sissy married the reformed Whelp, and reared a large family of puppies. Mr. Gradgrind ended his days as a clown to Sleary's troop. He had had a lesson in the futility of facts, and during his engagement could never be prevailed upon to accept wages. He lived by borrowing sixpences of the rest of the company—as a penance.

Mr. James Harthouse returned from Jerusalem, determined to go in for the domestic virtues. He proposed to Louisa, and was accepted. They were happy.

Sleary's company went to America, and got engaged by Barnum. Of course they returned

with fortunes. Sleary himself, in consideration of his disinterested efforts to secure Bounderby, was made Master of the Horse.

J. W. B. Childers won £150,000 upon the last Derby. The horse had been trained to lose by Sleary.

Kidderminster grew ten inches after the age of twenty-seven, and was immediately appointed to a colonelcy in the Scots Greys. The sobered man, ashamed of his former conduct, never became so again. Macchoakumchild was carried off by a severe attack of his own name.

Mrs. Sparsit and Bitzer were transported. The former, through her high connexions, was enabled to obtain a ticket-of-leave before the customary time had elapsed. She set up a boarding-house, and lived by poisoning gold-diggers. As she had amassed a considerable fortune by the time Bitzer obtained *his* ticket, the latter assassinated her for her property, and was executed.

And now, reader, let us love one another. If you will, I will. I can't say fairer. And so, God bless us all.

B.

MR. HARDUP'S ASCENT OF THE MONT DE PIÉTÉ.

By ALBERT SMIFF.

FROM my earliest youth I have had a passion for "ascents" of various descriptions. Long before I had even seen a balloon, I had acquired great practice in that exciting species of aerial ascent known as raising the wind. I was also a great adept at running up shots of unprecedented elevation. I was always fond of getting "up a tree." But unquestionably my favourite plan of ascent was the process familiarly and expressively characterised as "putting things up."

From this the reader will gather that I have had a good deal of up-hill work in my time, and will not be surprised to learn that, being sent by my parents to study for the medical profession at the Closérie des Lilas, in the Quartier Latin, Paris, my attention was naturally directed towards the cele-

brated Mont de Piété. Several of my companions had attempted to reach this redoubtable eminence, some with a success that had surpassed their expectations, others meeting with repulse and discomfiture. The courage of many had failed them on breaking the first ice; the success of the former inspired me with emulation. By the failures of the latter I was nothing daunted. As I have indicated, I always had a passion for this sort of thing. At a very early age my brother and myself had made the tour of the metropolis, carrying with us a very simple apparatus, being in fact nothing more than a box containing an ordinary magic-lantern and slides—which we had the honour of exhibiting before some of the most distinguished London pawnbrokers. The success of this undertaking (two and nine-pence, deducting twopence for the duplicate) encouraged us to further exertion in the same field, on a wider basis. We accordingly made the same circuit, accompanied by our respected father's oxy-hydrogen microscope. This was less favourably received; in fact, they wouldn't take it in at all, and we got wopped.

I will pass over the various fluctuations of purpose that intervened between my first conception of the ascent I am about to describe, and my resolution to achieve it. I will not speak of the labour it was represented it would cost me, and the little I should gain by it; suffice it that eventually the Mont de Piété became an *idée fixe* with me, to such a pitch of intensity that I found I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, unless I made the ascent.

I accordingly resolved to do it, and hastened to provide myself with the necessary guides and provisions.

Two intelligent young Frenchmen, named respectively Jules and Alphonse, were recommended to me as the persons most intimately acquainted with the various ins and outs of the exciting journey I proposed taking. Both these gallant youths had been up the Mont de Piété frequently, as well on their own account as in the capacity of *ciceroni* to others, and were not a bit deterred by the prospect of another ascent. On the contrary, they urged me to undertake it warmly, volunteering to act as my guides with the greatest alacrity;

—they would not even put any price on their services; they merely stipulated that I should provide them with refreshments on the way, declaring that the prospect alone (that of going to a masked ball at Prado in the evening, which none of us could have a chance of seeing, except from the eminence of the Mont de Piété) would amply repay them for their trouble.

We met by appointment at an early hour one lovely July morning, at my own apartment, No. 316B, Rue St. Jaques au Septième. After a very slight repast (I should state that it is customary to eat very little, immediately before attempting the ascent) we commenced our preparations. Jules informed me it would be necessary to provide myself with as much wearing apparel as possible. It would be as well also to take a few books with us. Seeing a silk umbrella in a corner of the room, Alphonse recommended me on no account to leave it behind, as we might want it. I was advised also to take my instruments with me, in case of accidents.

I accordingly made up into the form of a knapsack the following articles:—

- 1 dress coat.
- 1 pair ditto trousers.
- 2 summer waistcoats.
- 1 pair Wellingtons.
- 1 ditto dress Alberts.*
- 1 volume Quain's *Anatomy*.
- 4 ditto Paul de Kock's works.
- 2 ditto *Spiers's Dictionary*.

Jules took charge of the instruments, Alphonse of the umbrella, and with light hearts we set forth on our adventurous undertaking, singing in unison the appropriate melody of

POP GOES THE WEASEL!

an independent version of which each of my companions readily improvised, on the theme being explained to them.

Our course lay down the Rue de Mazarin and across the Pont des Arts, which we reached with comparatively few interruptions at the various intervening wine-shops. On the bridge we held a consultation as to the state of our finances, and

* A neat and economical species of *chaussure*, which I regret to see has fallen into disuse, through the abolition of straps.

decided that they were sufficiently flourishing to afford a *sou* to the stout, purple-faced, blind old lady with the accordeon, who makes herself so comfortable in that locality, and who having been born blind, may alone be said, of all the female population of Europe, to have some excuse for wearing the hideous mushroom straw hat, of which she is the acknowledged inventress. This work of charity accomplished, we passed through the Louvre, and crossed the perilous Rue de Rivoli in safety, after little more than the average amount of rows with the stone-cutters and *cochers de fiacre*.

The Mont de Piété, as the world well knows, (that is, such portions of the world as have ever visited Paris with a view to study), is situated on the fourth floor of a house in the Rue Richelieu, at the back of the Palais Royal. We halted breathlessly, not without a feeling of awe, in sight of our destination!

As I placed my foot on the threshold, I confess my resolution gave way. Jules slapped me on the back and cried, "*Du courage!*" Alphonse hit upon the more practical expedient of dragging me across to the opposite *Commerce de vins*, and ad-

ministering a *petit verre*, for which (together with one each for himself and comrade) he in the kindest manner allowed me to pay. After this, I felt prepared for anything, and bade my guides lead the way.

We commenced the ascent. Nothing of importance happened till we reached the FIRST LANDING, when my spirits began to give way. The view that presented itself was anything but cheering. I might be asked out to dinner in the course of the week, and what was I to do for a dress coat? I mentioned my scruples to my companions, who laughed them away, assuring me that their wardrobes were quite at my service. As I knew they carried those valuable possessions on their backs, this failed to satisfy me, and I was on the point of turning back. Fear of ridicule, however, induced me to proceed, and we reached the SECOND LANDING.

At the THIRD LANDING I sat down completely overcome, declaring I would proceed no further. It had just occurred to me, that the uncle who had made me a present of the *Spiers's Dictionaries* (and from whom I had further expectations) would be in Paris in a few days. What could I say to him? I fairly burst into tears, overcome by the weakness

of my situation. My guides assured me that this was no uncommon symptom on the occasion of a first ascent, and declared that I should soon get over it. I refused, however, to budge a step, of my own accord, and they had literally to drag and push me up the remainder of the ascent.

At the FOURTH LANDING I forgot my fears, and wholly recovered my self-possession. A small green door stood before us, on which was an oval brass plate inscribed with the words,

“MONT DE PIÉTÉ.

Tournez le bouton.

S. V. P.”

Jules turned the button with the carelessness of an *habitué*, the door opened, and the splendour of the Mont de Piété burst on my astonished sight.

I shall never forget the sight as long as I live. We were in a spacious apartment, well lighted, and containing a counter and shelves, with—nothing on them. I was at once forcibly reminded of a shop in Holywell-street with an execution in the house. This idea took possession of me to the exclusion of all others.

"Jules," I whispered, "where do they put the things that are *au chon*?" *

"They go to the *Dépôt Central*."

"*Bon*."

A well-dressed lady-like person, of middle age, advanced from a desk where she had been writing, and held out her hand for my consignment.

I then understood why the common relation known as "my uncle" in this country, become *ma tante* across the water.

"*Votre nom ?*" said the lady.

"John Hardup."

"*Etes vous étranger ?*"

"*Oui*."

"*Votre passe-port, s'il vous plait*."

There was a difficulty that had not been foreseen. I had left my passport at home. I requested my friends to wait while I ran back for it. This they opposed with indecent alacrity, Jules insisting that I should remain in the custody of Alphonse while he went in search of the required document.

* "The Spout" is an institution unknown in France. It is supposed that the present enterprising Emperor will introduce it among his numerous improvements.

I submitted with reluctance, and with still greater intrusted the messenger with the key of my *secrétaire*, which I knew contained half-a-dozen choice Havannah cigars. There was also a bottle of brandy in the chamber, barely half finished.

In about half an hour Jules returned, very red in the face, and with a certain thickness in his speech. He held in his hand a *bout de cigarre*, which I at once recognised by its odour,—so widely different to that of the cabbage-leaf bolsters which the Emperor Napoleon insists on your buying at his establishment.

The passport was all right, and the lady *chef de bureau* summed up on paper the different amounts to which she considered me entitled for the custody of my valuables. The items were as follow:—

	Fr.	Cts.
<i>Habit (très vieux)</i>	4	0
<i>Pantalon (dechiré)</i>	1	50
1 <i>paire de bottes (semelles usées)</i>	2	0
7 <i>livres</i>	3	50
1 <i>parapluie (sans pomme)</i>	0	50
<i>Boite d'instruments</i>	15	0
	<hr/>	
Total	26	50

Alphonse pleaded eloquently for twenty francs on the instruments, and five on the coat. The lady treated his arguments with supreme indifference. The dress Alberts and the *gilets d'été* were ignominiously rejected as of no pecuniary value whatever.

Altogether I was greatly disappointed with my first ascent of the Mont de Piété.

The necessary documents made out (which occupied an immense deal of time, and apparently a few quires of paper), and the money handed over, we prepared for the descent. This was effected with great rapidity—in fact, at the rate of six stairs at a time,—but not without accidents; indeed, it had nearly proved fatal to one of the guides, Jules, who, not having the steadiest footing, slipped on the second landing (recently *frotté* by a careful *locataire*), and was all but precipitated over the banisters into the yawning chasm beneath. This calamity was fortunately avoided.

On reaching the open air, we were enthusiastically received by a number of the inhabitants of the Quartier Latin, who had been attracted by the rumour of our intended ascent. They kissed me

all round, and it was with difficulty I could prevent them from carrying me on their shoulders to the *Commerce de vins* already alluded to, whither we all adjourned.

In the evening a grand ball was given at Prado. Need I say that the hero of the *fête* was he who had so recently effected the perilous ascent of the Mont de Piété?

On summing up the expenses of the expedition, I find they amounted to the following:—

	Fr.	Cts.
<i>Petits canons</i> for self and guides on the way	1	20
Gratuity to musical professor	0	5
<i>Petits verres</i> for self and guides	0	30
Cost of cognac and Havannah cigar abstracted by messenger	1	15
Regaling inhabitants of Quartier Latin, assembled to congratulate	4	10
Six dinners, at 1fr. 10c.	6	60
Six <i>billets de bal</i> at Prado	6	0
Sundries at Prado, and afterwards	7	10
Total	26	50

B.

THE FUTURE OF THE PAST.

By THE ENGLISHMAN.

MEN are fools. I know it. I do not mean to speak personally, either of myself or of my readers. When I write, I write strongly—that is, in feeling; and for that reason I prefer indulging in the dream-land of the abstract, to chaining myself to the dreary realities of the concrete, and perforce remaining there like a modern Prometheus, with a vulture (I mean my fancy, not my appetite) gnawing my vitals. I have said that men are fools—none will dispute my proposition in its rationalistic idiosyncrasy. Look at the history of the world: Marc Antony was a fool, or he would never have fallen a sacrifice to the Egyptian who crossed his path with her beauty, as Egyptians (or gipsies, for it is all the same thing) cross our hands now-a-days at Epsom and Ascot to steal our money. Cleopatra was a fool. You say she was a woman, not a man: I foresee your objection—I detect your

sophism, for if she made a fool of a man, I say she showed pre-eminently masculine qualities. Cleopatra was a fool; had she not been so, she would have gone to Rome with Cæsar, and done as Rome did. I come nearer to our times: Don Quixote was a fool. What had he to do with tilting at windmills, if he had his hot rolls and butter every morning?—and there is nothing whatever in history to show that he had not. Sir Christopher Hatton was a fool, to be handed down to posterity as simply an Elizabethan Baron Nathan. Then, what shall I say, with such examples from the past before, respecting our present hopes of the future? Has mankind changed? I say No! boldly. Are creditors more lenient? I say No. Cab hire is cheaper, I admit; but are the drivers altered? I say No. Trousers are made for sixteen shillings; but are tailors less punctual in sending in Christmas bills? No, no, no.—I repeat it. The truth is, that with regard to the philosophy of society we stand in an awkward predicament. Give me five minutes with a man who predicates grandly of the future. What will he say? Let him speak. If he is silent, I am sufficiently answered. How should I otherwise

address him? I should simply say—"What are you standing on? A visionary cloud—away with such metaphysical dreams! Advance, and you are lost; retreat, and destruction awaits you. Move on either side, and a bottomless abyss yawns beneath your feet. What can you do?" Practise the goose-step, keep your head clear, and then you will see as much of the Future of the Past as I do. Go on; I have done. I appeal to England!

IN MEMORIAM.

RICHMOND, 1856.

By A— T—.

I HOLD it truth, when I recal
Last London season's joyous spell,
'Tis better to have danced not well,
Than never to have danced at all.

He who for dancing only lives,
To staid academies may go—
May seek the lessons that Michau
Or Leonora Geary gives ;—

May study each harmonious hop,
By a Redowa partner's side ;
The spider-legged Cellarius slide,
The dead Varsoviana stop.

And when he so has learnt to dance,
And deftly used his twinkling feet,
He'll hand his partner to her seat,
And gaily with a fresh one prance.

I am a bachelor, I know ;
But tell me not I can forget,
When in a polka with Lisette,
I chanced to tread upon her toe.

One little smothered scream—we stopped—
My thousand soft apologies
Were met by one beam from her eyes,
That all my gloom with radiance topped.

We danced again, that I might learn
A truer step, nor failure make ;
Until I wished, for dancing's sake,
The day into the night would turn.

Heart-life how few can understand,
Great rivers from small fountains flow ;
At last that tread upon her toe
Turned to a pressure on my hand.

The season's past ;—alone at Basle
I sit ; but still, as truth I tell,
'Tis better to have danced not well,
Than never to have danced at all.

THE
SONG OF "OVER THE WATER."

BY PROFESSOR STRONGFELLOW.

'Tis a London summer evening ;
Do you ask me where to pass it—
Do you ask me where to gambol,
Where to temper all its fervour
With a drink that's not expensive,
Where to soothe all irritation
With the blissful strains of music,
Where to puff a good regalia,
Sitting 'neath a tree or grotto?—
I will answer, I will tell you,
Go we to the Surrey Gardens.

Call a cab, and o'er the water,
By the bridge surnamed Blackfriars ;
(Waterloo avoid, for twopence
Are exacted there by tollmen) ;
Hie we down the road of Surrey,

By the theatre whose glories
 Range through long-protracted seasons,—
 From "legitimate" of Creswick
 To the "grand romance" of Shepherd.
 By the Elephant and Castle,
 Where stage-coaches once assembled,
 Where did throng itinerant vendors
 With their papers, fruit, and penknives;
 By the hybrid homes of Walworth,
 Semi-urban, semi-rustic.—
 Where's your purse?—the cab is stopping—
 We are at the Surrey Gardens.

Enter—paying first a shilling!
 Soft and soothing falls the twilight;—
 O'er the gardens and the gravel,
 O'er the trees of all descriptions,
 O'er the picture limned by Danton,
 O'er the lake that lies before it,
 Where the cockneys fish for minnows
 Listen to the strains of music,
 From the hall majestic wafted;
 There the magic wand of Jullien
 Waves above his curls ambrosial;—

There the strains of dulcet singers
Mingle there with chords harmonious.
Drink we of the "Vin d'Epernay,"
(Sixpence crowns the glass so creaming),
Smoke we 'neath the Kiosk's awning,
(Tribute to our friends of Turkey),
Feed the bear with buns of England
(Kindly deeds to former foemen),
Wander through stalactite caverns,
Gaze upon an alpine region.

Yet the wanderer starts, beholding
Myriad lamps around him gleam,
Gas light glow-worms by the pathways,
Classic columns topped with light,
By the paths and round the flow'r beds,
Wheresoe'er we choose to wander,
Gas-lamps gleam among the daisies,—
Is it not a cemetery
With the graves illuminated?
Never mind—the rain is coming,
Get a cab, and quickly hie we
Homeward from the Surrey Gardens,

A CHARACTER.

(JULLIEN.

By A—— T——.

WITH half a glance upon the house,
Each night he said, "The gatherings
Of people underneath this roof
Teach me the paying sort of things,
And music, whence they'd stand aloof,
May in the ocean depths go souse."

He led a solo—ne'er perhaps
Floated a wheatstraw down the air
More softly than his baton's wave,—
So dulcet, and so debonair ;
And when 'twas o'er, a smile he gave,
And several applauding taps.

He led a polka—round his skull
He waved the rhythm of the charm,
And stamped, and shook his dress-coat's skirts,
With giant wavings of his arm ;

And then—he went and changed his shirt!
And said the house was very full.

And so he drove a thriving trade,
With symphonies in classic way;
With Drummers and with Zouaves call
Himself upon himself did play,
Each season ending with a Ball
Of Masques, his fortune thus he made.

AN

EXTRACT (NOT) FROM TENNYSON'S "MAUD."

BIRDS in St. Stephen's garden,
Mocking birds, were bawling—
" Lord, Lord, Lord John !"
They were crying and calling.

Where was John? In a fix !
Gone to Vienna, whither
They'd sent him out of the way,—
Tories and Whigs together.

Birds in St. Stephen's sang,
Chattering, chattering round him—
" John is here, here, here,
Back too soon, confound him !"

They saw his dirty hands !
Meekly he bore their punning ;
John is not seventy yet,
But he's very little and cunning.

He to show up himself!

How can he ever explain it?

John were certain of place,

If shuffling could retain it.

I know the trick he played,

And his schemes ere he unwound 'em ;

His fingers he pricked with the four sharp points,

And he left 'em where he found 'em.

* * * * *

Look ! a cab at the door,

Dizzy has snarled for an hour ;

Go back, my Lord, for you're a bore,

And at last you're out of power.

STANZAS FOR OPERATIC MUSIC.

BY BATH BUNN, Esq.

SPEAK not again ! I've heard enough
To make the lowly peasant's heart,
As waves on hard rocks surge and sough,
Beat, till he thought his brain would part.
Speak not again ! The Boulogne boat
Will shortly bear you o'er the sea ;
The steward with you goes afloat,—
I would I could that steward be,

Speak not again ! No truthless word
Those coral lips e'er passed I know,
To hear you say 'twere quite absurd
That you have never loved me so.
And better is that silence drear,
Than tomes of eloquence to me ;
Oh ! Heav'n ! the shore-bell's sound I hear,
Oh ! would I could that steward be.

“DOWN EAST.”

By MRS. BARRETT BROWNWIG.

WOULD you know the sin and crime, that your
educated time
Endures within your clime unchecked, unceased ?
Take an omnibus with me ('tis a shilling carries
three),
And the scenes you shall see “Down East,” “Down
East.”

Whitechapel has a road, where many a night has
flowed
The blood from knife or goad of a goodly beast,
But down the alley's gloom, in a miserable room,
A woman's met her doom—“Down East,” “Down
East.”

In a miserable shed, with an old rug for a bed,
As the dreary days on sped, her want increased,
And he who should have thought of the famine
that he wrought,
Had just another “quartern” bought “Down
East,” “Down East.”

He was of that wild drunken crew that prowl when
the day is new,
With whom we know not what to do from gaol
released ;
One of a dogged, sullen air, who beat his wife and
tore her hair,
And taught his children how to swear, “ Down
East,” “ Down East.”

One night—life’s longest needs but one—he struck
his wife, and all was done,
From sorrow, ere the rise of sun, she was released ;
Oh ! you who talk of distant lands, of savages on
Afric’s sands,
Stretch forth in Town your soothing hands “ Down
East,” “ Down East.”

THE LIFE OF CHARLES SPLEEN.

BY DOUGLAS JEERALL.

[THE appearance of Mr. J——, as a contributor to these pages, will doubtless be a surprise to the readers as startling as it cannot fail to be agreeable. To ourselves, it is doubly a source of congratulation. Apart from the pleasure we must feel at the enrichment of our pages by so distinguished a pen, we are proud to be the means of practically refuting the libellous charges of petty jealousy and *cliquerie* that have been brought against the literary men of the period.

We have to apologise for keeping the reader from the treat in store for him; but the unexpected honour that has been conferred upon us must be our excuse for a little harmless vanity and preliminary boasting. It may be wondered that Mr. J—— should choose, for his first contribution to our pages a biography—and that the biography of a living actor. Into Mr. J——'s motives for devoting his talents to biographical literature, we do not presume to inquire; but, having done so, his choice of a subject is eminently characteristic of the man. As a hater of Wrong, as the only recognised castigator of public and private Vice, what more natural than that he should employ his powerful pen in exposing the infamous career of the man whom he considers, *par excellence*, the incarnation of all that is fiend-like and criminal?

And now Mr. J—— shall tell his own story.

We must premise, by the way, that he has not sent us a very large quantity of it as yet. Should the reader find it suddenly discontinued (as we are bound to state, from our knowledge of the writer's habits of composition, is barely possible), he is requested to attribute it to no fault of ours—that's all.]

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE written more good plays than any man living. Of all sorts be they! Five-act comedies—long, but graceful and sparkling, like the five rosy fingers of a jewelled duchess. Domestic two-act dramas—snug little two-storied cottages, where the household affections nestle, bill-somely and coo-somely, among the roses and ivy. One-act farces—crisp, short, and spicy; like sticks of peppermint rock. Comic pantomimes even—with their wide, grinning cheeks all thickly plastered with the rich red paint of humour. I never wrote a tragedy that I remember. However, I could have written several very good ones if I had liked. Only I didn't.

Some—nay, a great many—in fact, most of my plays have been damned—I own it without a blush. But what then? Angels have been

damned. Only my plays—which are more in the Congreve than the Lucifer line, have not fallen through my own fault. In fact, they couldn't—having none. They have been damned—invariably—through the malice or imbecility of actors.

Actors—pigs! I have shovelled troughs-full of pearls before the beasts, and they have crushed them beneath their dirty and (in a double sense) cloven hoofs. I have sung heavenly music to them, which they have drowned in their wretched grunting.

Let them grunt. Not another grain of Attic salt do they get from me to save their lank sides from putrefaction. Bacon, forsooth!—as if there were any possibility of curing an actor. I will smoke a few of them, though, before I have done; and am not so old but I may live to see certain of their number hung! My match at epigram does not exist—as the reader perceives.

I have been called a bitter man. So be it. Tonics are bitter, but they are good for the digestion. Any one who will swallow me cannot fail of a strong stomach. Not that I mean to say I agree with everybody—I should be very sorry (I have been writing as well as this nigh thirty years,

and am still plain Esquire. Bitter, i' fackins!) Charles Spleen, for instance—who' is the worst actor, and the ugliest man, I ever saw in my life. All actors are bad, and more or less ugly.

It may be said—spit at me rather—that I was an actor myself once. I deny it. The cygnet strayed among the ducks, and was laughed at for his awkwardness. Ere I was a swan, and knew the beauteous destiny in store for me, I may have tumbled into the slimy duckpond known as the stage. But I was so much out of place there, that the neighbouring geese hissed at me. Nobody dare say I was ever an actor.

I have been branded misanthrope; one who hates and takes a gloomy view of human nature—from *miser*, wretched, bad; and *Anthropos*, one of the *Parce* or Furies, supposed by the ancients to be the deadly enemies of man. Two brave Greek words arranged against me! But wherein do I hate man? In his good fellowship? in his hospitality? in his appreciation of wit? in his powers of patient endurance?—No. In his over (and solitary) feeding? in his refusal to recognise merit (especially of an epigrammatic character)? in his besotted aristo-

cratic tyranny, that shuts the man of genius from his sovereign's dining hall?—Yes, if you will. Human nature in its barren swamps, its loathsome sloughs, and, most of all, in its carefully-guarded preserves—I do hate. But in its rich gardens, its laden orchards, and teeming vineyards, where the word is “Enter and be filled, and nothing for the waiter”—there I do love it. Did anybody ever hear me say a word against B—and E—? Not in my most excited moments. When did this venomed tongue of mine hiss a syllable against my friend, Mr. L—; at any rate, within the last two or three years? Have I not always been the first to recognise the merits of Sir J— P—? and, rank democrat as I am, do I not admit that there is good—ay, much good—in the Duke of D— himself? I am even personally attached to H— D—!

Still that is no reason why I shouldn't hate Charles Spleen, and write his life—which, by the bye, is what I have undertaken to do. Where was I? Oh! about the bitterness, and misanthrope. I have threatened the public that I will write them no more plays. It is cruel, I admit.

Woe to the wretch who has forced me to the cruelty, and brought me into fresh odium with the race I love (on its benevolent side), but who will not understand, nor indeed always read me! That wretch is Charles Spleen. So, as I said before, I will write his life; which it is, probably, high time I commenced.

Charles Spleen was born on—

But is Pegasus a pack-horse? Does Apollo guide the sun, or wind up clocks? Are author's brains to be bought by the pound, like calves', and sent home punctually, in time to be cooked for the publisher's dinner? If the editors of this book think so, they will find out their mistake, and I shall consider their little claim upon me forfeited—utterly.

In the meantime, I will forth into the fields, and, by calling at the different workhouses, may be able to glean the particulars of my hero's birth in time for the next number. I have seen him kick his grandmother, and have proof in my possession that he steals barometers.—But this is anticipating.

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